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White Sulphur Springs.

A Play, in Five Acts.

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Charles Stanhope, a Planter.
Dr. Theophilus Paddleford, also a Planter.
Harry Paddleford, son to Doctor.
Cabot Bradford, a retired Lawyer.
Major Frank Harding, friend to Harry.
Julius Merivale Lefroy, beau of Grace and Bertha.
Armistead Minot, cousin to Major.
Paul Thornton, a Greenbrier Farmer.
Tom Yeates, a Greenbrier Mechanic.
Jim, a Servant at Broadway.
Mrs. Lyttleton Stockton.
Grace, daughter to Mrs. Stockton.
Bertha Joinville, friend to Grace.
Mother Craddock, housekeeper to Paul Thornton.
Maggie, daughter to Tom Yeates.
Hygeia.

Guests, Watch, Clerk, Villagers, Waiters, etc.

Scene—Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs, except once, when at Lewisburg, Greenbrier County, West Virginia.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Lawn opposite Tansus Row.*

Mrs. Stockton and Stanhope, conversing.

Mrs. S. My cotton claim first brought me here. For tranquil labor and for altered air, hither arrived that wise Commissioner, who, in prime instance, was to judge my cause. And I did early follow. The claim, of course, we mentioned not. Ah! well! it was unnecessary. He soon became as much mine as the claim. Yet shed some pity on me. My dear Commissioner, my heart of hearts, has, two weeks, westward fled.

Stanhope. I hope the proofs, upon such weighty business, stand full clear.

Mrs. S. And are proofs requisite? Nothing of these I know. One-quarter of my right is pledged, contingently, as fee to my attorneys. Think you, such interest of their own they have neglected? No, my good Sir. Sooner might landlord overlook his rent, sheriff your tax, or hangman his reward. Congratulate me! (*Exit.*)

Stanhope. The fabled tree that from the staff of Ramah's counsellor sprung, did only, it is said, in blossom burst, on Christmas day. And Aaron's rod did bloom but once The lawyer's reed, coursing with sap perennial, both fruit and flower of discord bears together. Pray Heaven her cause be just. And, from no conscious act of hers, can it be otherwise. Yet that Commissioner——'Twas all in this Sulphur Water! All in the Water! (*Exit.*)

Enter Major Harding, just arrived, and Dr. Paddleford, meeting.

Major. Why, Dr. Paddleford! How glad to meet you! "*The White*" is still itself

Dr. P. Welcome, thrice welcome, to this fount of health, of beauty and of joy!

Major. Lively, Doctor? Eh?

Dr. P. Beyond compare, Sir! Happiness fills the valley. The breeze sings madrigals. The mountains skip like lambs.

Major. 'Tis better then for me. A week, else, were brief to plant and ripen tenderness.

Dr. P. An instant's here enough. My charming friend, Miss Grace, will teach you all. And shall!

Major. Dear, gracious Grace, I sigh thy lessons, such sweet training crave.

Dr. P. And well you may. Ah! then her mother! Snatched from the skies! But, bustle, boy! we waste the golden sands. To quarters, now, and then prepare for love. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Lefroy, just arrived, and Bertha, meeting.

Bertha, (*Recognizing.*) Mr. Lefroy!

Lefroy. Miss Joinville! (*Shaking hands.*) Let me hope your uncle is not less rosy than his niece.

Bertha. Thanks! he is well; but, grief to tell, he left us for New York, an hour ago.

Lefroy. (*Aside.*) Very considerate!—Miss Joinville, this is, indeed, a happiness! Not one for which I failed to hope while yet I might be here, yet such as scarce I trusted to bless the moment of my coming.

Bertha. Ever equipped with handsome phrase! To such soft flatteries willing maids here list. (*Going.*)

Lefroy. Not yet, I beg. If this traveler's garb do not offend the scene, let me, at least, prove convoy to your cottage.

Bertha. It is but here in Tansus, which even now I am about to enter.

Lefroy. May not these rustic seats claim two brief minutes of the wealth of time?

Bertha. Perhaps, they should not, but—they may—for you. (*They sit.*)

Lefroy. Miss Joinville, 'tis you alone who bring me here Each moment of my journey chased your smiles. May I not hope to earn their dimpled blessing, now?

Bertha. I trust we shall continue friends. And leisure is abundant. But you have yet to learn what fair attractions here enslave your sex.

Lefroy, (*Rising*, *bows*.) The equals of Miss Joinville were attractive, indeed. 'Tis little that I fear ——·

Bertha. (*Quickly*.) There is Miss Mouton, Miss Ridgely, Miss Roquemore; but, for a peerless nymph, commend me to Miss Stockton, Miss Grace Stockton, the pride of Mississippi.—Have you met her, Mr. Lefroy?

Lefroy. (*Aside*.) I like not this! Met her?—Miss Stockton—Stockton? Her portrait, pray!

Bertha Superb as Juno. A blonde upon whose alabaster nature paints and recalls the rose each moment. Sure, you have somewhere seen her.

Lefroy, (*Confused*.) I—I—*Yes*, I think I *do* know a Miss Stockton, of Natchez, or *some* landing on the River. Yet not, it seems, the picture that you draw.

Bertha. You are incorrigible. Come! Your two minutes are long o'erpast. So, till the bye-and-bye! (*Exit*.)

Lefroy. Here are hard lines. Two years have I made love to both these girls. And now they are together. As intimate, no doubt, as Helena and Hermia! I ought not to have come, and I'm inclined to leave, at once. Now, I'm not in love with either of *them;* certainly, not in a business nor connubial sense. Miss Joinville, I think, would have me, if I asked her. So, of course, I can't. Miss Stockton will continue to refuse me, if I persist. So I safely may But the difference lies here. If I renounce Miss Joinville and devote myself to Miss Stockton, there's a declaration of war; whereas, if I restrain my attentions to Miss Stockton, and confine them to Miss Joinville, the olive branch may be preserved. I'll try the latter. If the effort prove too oppressive, I'm off to Nahant. (*Exit*.)

SCENE II. *Broadway Building*.

Enter Major, with Jim, bearing hand trunk.

Jim, (*Depositing hand-trunk*.) Here y'is, boss. Number Thee Hunded en Ten, on de Broadway—Jim White de flo'-manager!

Major. Well, Jim, I'm not overpartial to Broadway, but I rather approve this particular apartment. (*Walks round*.) Airy, snug, two beds—Here! (*Giving money*.)

Jim. Thanky, boss, thanky, Sir! I know'd who *you* was, no quicker'n I let off de omlibus!

Major. (*Observing trunk.*) A trunk? Somebody else in this room? What does this mean?

Jim. Dat trunk done jus' come, Sir. I 'low'd it yourn, boss, fer sho!

Major. This is outrageous! (*Reading letters on trunk,*) *J. M. L!—J. M. L!* Yes! *Just my luck!* (*To Jim.*) You can retire.

Jim. Mouty sorry, boss! 'Tain't me, Sir. De Office done done it. When yer 'quires anything, boss, jus' tech de passage bell, Sir. (*Exit.*)

Major. I would that *L. J. M.* were beyond all voice-sounds. If there's anything I demand, at present, it is privacy and seclusion in my domestic affairs. Here am I for a week—a week in which to play the graceful and the conquering swell,—ravish the glances of fair woman and with envy fret the souls of men. The mission invariably attributed to us all. (*Opening hand-trunk and extracting flask.*) Well, success to the opening performance! (*Drinks.*) I'm glad I made a toilet on that Sleeper. I'll but brush up a little, and leave before that *L. M. J.*, or *J. L. M*, or *M. J. L.*,—(*Rapping without.*) There he is now! (*Replaces flask. Rapping renewed.*) He's in the devil of a hurry! Now! Well! Come in!

Enter Harry Paddleford.

Harry Howdy, Harding!

Major. Bless your heart, Paddleford! whence did you descend? Thought you that *J. M. L*

Harry. Don't know him. From Paris, lately. "*The Sweet,*" this morning.

Major. Why, Paddleford! What breeze might waft you to that joyless, grim, sepulchral shore?

Harry The sweet I joined. A southern group. Met yesterday's yesterday's yesterday. Upon the train.

Major And you desert them so early?

Harry. Yes! For the sweeter still.

Major. Well, tighten your rivets! Make sound your staves! You'll find the Doctor in the lists.

Harry. Father here? Supposed him at Newport. Looks he well, Harding?

Major. As health's own picture. The person first I met. Gay as a grenadier. Happy as the sunbeam. He is even now to present me to Miss Grace—Grace something—between whom and her mother his praise halts for preference.

Harry. (*Reflectively*,) Grace—and—her mother.

Major. Who are they, Paddleford? 'Tis marvel, if you place them not.

Harry. The *Stocktons*——doubtless.

Major. And friends of yours?

Harry. The mother——yes!

Major. And she it is, the sweeter even than the sweet that took you to "*The Sweet*."

Harry. The same.

Major. Why, Paddleford, when did you yield a virgin field to kneel a suitor to the cap of widowhood?

Harry. Never! Stockton is alive.

Major. Come, expand! These cramped monosyllables that women hear as poems, suit not me. Unstock your stock on Stockton.

Harry. Thus, briefly. Stockton is rich. He's pious and domestic. Most rustic? Yes! Hence, madam plans. Keeps him at home. And roams at will. She loves devotion. Herself knows none. I love her icicles.

Major. I do perceive. She is discreet. Accepts all hearts, but keeps her own. Your rivals, sure, are legion. Front them, alone. Trench not, I pray, on that fair soil where blooms my lovely Grace.

Harry. Not I Lefroy's before me. Two years, perhaps.

Major. Lefroy? And who in dickens is Lefroy

Harry. Julius—Merivale—Lefroy. That's it! Julius Merivale.

Major. Bandit, despoiler, Tarquin to my dream!

Harry Gently, Harding. Her acquaintance first.

Major. Yes! We are not yet met —I forgot that. Where said you that he lived?

Harry. Everywhere. Washington, last, I think.

Major. Paddleford, a moment since, you knew him not.

Harry. You mistook. We are friends. As the world goes.

Major. Paddleford, he is my *J. M. L.* This (*indicating*,) repulsive luggage is his. He has arrived to continue his attentions to Miss Grace, by day, and to console me with the honor of his pres-

ence, at night. I drew an unfavorable impression from his initials. His full name will ever be odious to my ears.

Harry. No! You'll get along. But, to my father.

Major. True! We'll together. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Lefroy and Jim.

Lefroy. And so my "coigne of vantage," or disadvantage, is here. (*Reclining on one bed.*) A couch of flint! (*Trying the other.*) Why, this, if possible, is worse.

Jim. One dem beds, boss, 'longs ter de udder gemmum!

Lefroy. The other gentleman! Now, I can't—I really can't——

Jim. Dat's what de fust gemmun 'low'd, boss, when he see dat trunk.

Lefroy. Hark you, Jim. I mean no reflection upon my proposed companion, but I must insist——

Jim. He ain't no such high-roller as you is, boss. (*Drawing hand-trunk from under bed.*) An' he ain't got no Sarrytogie like yourn.

Lefroy. Never mind his wardrobe. But I never—I won't—room with a stranger. You must take my trunk away.

Jim. Mas' boss, dishere place so full—Der ain't nowhere on de plantation—Whar he gwyne be tuck, boss?

Lefroy. Make some other arrangement, and this, Jim, is your reward. (*Handing bank bill.*)

Jim. Thanky, boss, thanky, massa! I know'd no gemmun widout close, wan't fittin' fer comp'ny ter er trunk like dis! It's gin de orders, boss, but I gwyne move you, now, ter Thee Hunded en Fo', en bring de baggage comin' outen de Hotel, to dishere room whar we is.

Lefroy. Capital! But I disclaim all responsibility for the exchange, Jim. You understand, Jim?

Jim. Cert'n'y, boss! Cert'n'y, Sir. I gwyne. (*Taking up trunk.*) Ugh! Umph! She heavy, sho.' (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III. *Lawn, near Lower Music Stand.*

To Mrs. Stockton, seated, enter Grace.

Mrs. S. Dear Grace, what conquest has the last hour brought?

Grace. It has brought Lefroy—brought him by rail. How he learned we were here, I cannot tell. Why he should come, he knows not, sure, himself.

Mrs. S. He should perceive, methinks, that, e'en at home, his fondness proves but service.

Grace. In separate strands Fate spins our lives. Thus vouch I to him, ever And yet he still persists.

Mrs. S. Here, child, he must be daily in the way of others. How thoughtless his intrusion! No one who is in earnest suits this spot. Girls and their mothers are here for enjoyment. Sighs and tears are but *mal à propos.* And yet, one suitor in a thousand can play his part without them.

Grace. O, forsooth, I have found many. Legare and Crowninshield have both addressed me, nicely. And so, last night, did Lenox.

Mrs. S. Grace, you are ever so discreet, so like myself, your heart may well be trusted. 'Tis your establishment in life concerns me. There's nothing real, *in love.* That, I have tried. You know, dear, the result.

Grace. Establishment in life! You frighten me, mamma. No! I wish to know but pleasure—to dwell with you—to be forever young—to have my wrinkles and my epitaph graved in the selfsame hour.

Mrs. S. Speak not thus lightly, Grace. Those lines that ill become the maid, the matron yet may wear. Yet say, how shall we sink the moment? Invent, dear, a tolerable pastime.

Grace. Come, then, mamma, in some quiet nook we'll rest, till flattery make us listeners. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Stanhope.

Stanhope. Yes, I was quite comfortable. Snugly fixed Little conveniences all arranged to my hand Here arrives a party from Baltimore. Presto! my room, my well-appointed chamber, goes to one of the ladies, and myself and belongings are transferred, without ceremony, to Broadway. Yet let me not rebel. No! No! I must respect my station and my breeding *Place aux dames.* The change, perhaps, is ordered to my good.—I shall be further from that *Spring!* Its noxious vapors, baneful mists, ere that they reach my new abode, may be at least diluted. I have thus far es-

caped Love's malaria. Yet I begin to fear I may have febrile centres. 'Tis all in that Sulphur Water! Yes! All in the water! (*Exit.*)

Enter Dr. Paddleford.

Dr. P. I marvel where Mrs. Stockton can be. High and low have I sought her. 'Tis wrong thus to seclude herself! But 'tis her modest and retiring nature. And then, no doubt, she wooes the memories of her buried love, as I my sainted spouse so oft recall. Ah! Mrs. Stockton, how much you remind me of her! How little, I fear, I must awaken thoughts of him! Yet, if a life of tenderness, of meek submission, trustful confidence——

Enter Harry Paddleford.

Harry. Howdy, father! (*Mechanically offering left hand.*) Hearty, still?

Dr. P. My own, dear, long-lost boy. (*Embracing Harry.*) Truant, where have you for these two years hid? And I with but one letter to tell me that you lived!

Harry. O! in places. On the Continent, mostly.

Dr. P. I appealed to your bankers, deluged them with inquiry. They knew but of your drafts.

Harry. Thanks, father! I had forgot. That thousand pound'! In May. 'Twas timely. But to the present. Whither are you bent?

Dr P. (*Embarrassed.*) I was just thinking, Harry, where I should turn. In fact, ah! hem! though I wished to go somewhere, I was not certain, no! not satisfied, my son, about the precise locality.

Harry. Indeed! At home or abroad?

Dr. P. Why, here, Sir, where we are. For foreign travel, came I hence, you think? Ah! Harry, were I but your age. The loveliest widow! All lilies and roses. A neck of snow and ruby lips——

Harry. (*Aside.*) Mrs Stockton a widow! (*To Doctor.*) And children—numerous?

Dr. P. No, Harry, only one. A revelation less peerless than herself, alone.

Harry. I'll glance at her. Maybe!

Dr. P. Glance! Maybe! You shall in one hour know her. Your chill bosom, your indifferent breast, your unsympathetic heart shall at least feel the sense of admiration, if not the warmth of tenderness. Come! (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Bradford and Stanhope, conversing.

Bradford. Time was, that time seems now remote, when I was highland as yourself, and prized no less my tartan and my clan. And yet——Far on its course the stream may keep the crystal of its fountains. But who shall say, Thus will it lucid flow, tomorrow?

Stanhope. Count it, Sir, no liberty, if I, in secret, have aspired to learn your great-grandfather, in your mother's line.

Enter Dr. Paddleford.

Dr. P. Deep in philosophy! Pondering abstractions! Unmindful of the glorious forms, fresh lit from Heaven, around you.

Stanhope. I was desiring the name, Sir, of our friend's great-grandfather——

Dr. P. Great-grand fiddlesticks! With the *proavi*, *abavi*, *alavi*, or *F. F. Vs.* of others, I never interfere. For my own, I wouldn't give snap of a finger. Ancestors! Ancestors, whose dust, less honored than the Chinaman's, lies unmarked and forgotten, what can they do for me, or I for them? Who is there to refute the calumny they encountered while living, or to expose the falsehood uttered in their praise when dead? Bah! (*Going.*)

Bradford. My maternal great-grandfather was McPeleg Paddleford.

Dr. P. (*Returning,*) What's that? Paddleford! Did he say Paddleford?

Stanhope. My suspicion was not unfounded. McPeleg Paddleford was also my great-grandfather. He fell, as you know, at the head of his company, in gaze of Washington, ere the British flag was lowered from Fort Necessity. And, kinsman in the third degree, with pride I claim your hand. (*They shake hands, cordially.*)

Dr. P. My great-grandfather, in the line maternal, rest his ashes! was Preston Poindexter, and of the best the peer And I never *heard* of any Scotch or Irish Paddlefords! It is not my wish, gentlemen, to question your Wallam Olums, or family tallies. But I

want no bar sinister in the escutcheon of *my* Paddlefords, all of whom came straight as a corset-lace. And it's not agreeable, to have it insinuated, that they were engaged in any canaries, at the very period when, as truth of history, they were, doubtless, mowing down the French and Indians, with unexampled slaughter, along our colonial outposts.

Stanhope. (*To Dr. P.*) A moment, with your leave, Sir. (*To Bradford.*) And your maternal great-grandfather?

Bradford. His name was Endicott Morehead.

Dr. P. (*Starting forward, seizes a hand, now of Bradford, now of Stanhope, and cutting a caper between them, chants,*) And mine, and mine! (*Bowing, now to one, now to the other.*) And thine, and thine! of all, of all! For, in 1810, Lavinia Marmaduke, great-grand-daughter of Endicott Morehead, intermarried with Braxton Paddle-ford, who became my father. Ancestors! they are the props of society, and, next to religion, the salvation of individuals! It's all tomfoolery and fal-de-rol to dispute it! (*Exit.*)

Bradford. I shall early beg your leave, to enter on some details of my blood, of which, perhaps, you have not heard.

Stanhope. Sir, at your service, ever. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE IV. *Oaks, opposite Paradise Row.*

Mrs. Stockton and Grace, seated.

Grace. I like not that surah, yet, I must use it, I suppose, mamma, before the season's over.—I wonder if those Byrons are respectable? One of them, as I know, has worn the self same gown, on two successive evenings.

Mrs. S. I think they scarce can be. They have, as they confess, been never once abroad. And then the chaperonage they receive from their mother! She will not suffer them, my dear, to drive with foreigners, in buggies, or dance the innocent raquet, with partners from her own platonic clime.

Grace. Such governance, methinks, implies most grave de-faults.—How awful they must be! But look! I pray!

Enter Dr. Paddleford and Harry Paddleford.

Dr. P. Ah! Mrs. Stockton! And Miss Grace! A long pursuit, but now requited ever! Here am I to offer at the shrine of your acquaintance, a loving and an only son. Admit him to your favor.

Mrs S. and Grace. Why!—Mr.-Paddleford!

Harry. Howdy! Howdy both! Well?

Dr. P. (*Amazed.*) You each already know him, yet never told me about it! He enjoys your acquaintance, but never mentioned the subject! This mystery unravel! The secret break! Unlock concealment! Speak! I am bound to know.

Harry. The ladies first!

Mrs. S. Myself and daughter, Doctor, with pleasure oft have met your son abroad, where, till this moment, we had supposed he lingered Nor had we dreamed, but now, (*bowing,*) the stately stem from which he flourished. The fault is ours. (*Glancing from father to son, and vice versa.*) Each may claim the palm and likeness of the other.

Dr. P. Well! Well! What a coincidence! The friendship of other climes returned to nestle in the valley of the Greenbrier! Romantic episode! Most tender accident!

Mrs. S. (*Changing fan to left hand.*) Grace, dear, and must you pay that visit, *now?* Make, then, the Doctor known to our sweet friend, but from your Attic cruise restore him soon.

Dr. P. (*Aside.*) Ah! generous heart, how sweet the prospect!

Grace. I'd *better*, thanks, mamma. And duty once, at least, will rest o'erpaid. (*To Doctor.*) You'll be, I'm sure, companion to my way!

Dr. P. With all my heart! (*Bowing.*) Mrs. Stockton, son, till shortly! (*Exeunt Grace and Dr. Paddleford.*)

Mrs. S. How travel, Harry, doth refine our tact!

Harry. Clever enough! Grace took the cue.

Mrs. S. Ha! Ha! Our signals never fail But tell me about yourself. Where from—employed, how—why here—and when!

Harry. Where we parted. In nothing. To worship you. But now. Yet soft! Time speeds. Father is winged.

Mrs. S. You are so bashful, so confused, by numbers. With one—one woman—at a time, your confidence is valor. He will, of course, return. He loves me much. He will expect to find us

here. Were it kindly in me, or filial in you, to plan his disappointment?

Harry. Both! Encouragement must end!

Mrs. S. You mean for him, and my indulgence lavished but on you. *Allons!* I'll weigh your gratitude. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Bradford, Dr. Paddleford and Harry.

Bradford. Objection is taken to Mrs Stockton's title to the plantation, on the ground that, under the Will, through which she claims, executed by Winston Harding, shortly before his death, in 1827, the property was vested in his son, Marshall, not in fee simple, but in fee *tail male general*, and that, at no time, after the death of Marshall, could Roscoe. (Marshall's only son,) so alienate the estate, as to prevent its passing, upon his own decease, to such son of his as might them be living, in the actual case, to Frank, his sole child, born in 1845, six years before his father's death.

Dr. P. Tail male, Sir! It's confounded black-mail! They take her for a goose-berry-fool, or a jelly tart, and would devour her, accordingly. (*Aside.*) And, ah! the sweet repast!

Harry. The Will seems plain. Let's further hear it.

Bradford. (*Reading.*) "*I give and devise all my real estate unto my son Marshall, for and during the term of his natural life, and no longer.*"

Dr. P. How, then, could Marshall get, grab or appropriate more than a life estate! He died, Sir, in 1840.

Bradford. (*Continuing reading.*) "*And, after his decease, unto such son as he shall have, lawfully to be begotten, and, in default of such issue,*"——

Harry. Roscoe was Marshall's son. Legitimacy never doubted. Born, eighteen-twenty. Died, eighteen-fifty-one.

Bradford. (*Still reading.*) "*Unto Harvard College, its successors and assigns.*"

Dr. P. Isn't the estate expressly transfered, on the death of Marshall, unto his lawful son? Wasn't Roscoe that son? Zounds, Sir, these knavish lawyers think they are dealing with Bedlam! Egad! How I would like to dust their seedy jackets!

Bradford. Roscoe, shortly before his marriage, conveyed the property to his sister, Medora, who, soon after, became Mrs. Minot,

and in 1850, while a widow, transferred it in turn, to one Longfellow, under whom, in 1857, Mrs. Stockton acquired it.

Harry. Title good as Victoria's! Plain as reading!

Dr. P. And why have they mingled Frank, Sir, in this business? He did'nt honor existence with his presence, until his father's deed was three years old. The objection is trumped up and cooked to order. It's malicious slander of title. And the vituperators should be dragged to trial, Sir, to speedy trial. You entirely agree with us, of course, Sir.

Bradford. I regret to say, the objection seems well founded. Unto the King's Bench came, a century since, almost the self same language of this Will, and thence being certified to Chancery's High Court, as making an estate tail male, was so in Chancery adjudged, the House of Lords affirming.

Dr. P. So, Sir, we could throw off the yoke of England's King, but not the fetters of her corrupt and superserviceable judiciary! I'm no lawyer, thank Heaven! but only the wigs and gowns and woolsacks of detestable monarchy, could have afflicted the landed gentry with a deliverance so false, infamous and tyrannical.

Harry. Land, then, is Frank's. Cotton follows the land. Cotton, therefore, Frank's. Never *was* Mrs Stockton's. *Her* claim won't hold. Frank can't receive award. Engaged in rebellion. Government pockets the proceeds.

Bradford. This scarcely seems to follow. It were unworthy of our government to refuse payment to Mrs. Stockton, for the cotton, upon pretext that she held no valid title to the land whereon the plant was grown. Her title to the land, while, through her agents (herself and family being abroad,) she continued in possession, was good against the United States, and all the world, save Frank. His rights, if any, against Mrs. Stockton, as to the proceeds of the cotton, in case she receive them from the government, can be satisfactorily arranged, of course, in the amicable adjustment which will be made, as I trust, of her title to the plantation, an adjustment rendered easy, under the local Code of 1852, converting all estate tail, then existing, into estates absolute, or in fee simple.

Dr. P. Don't mention estates tail, or tail male! Here, the entire tale is of disaster female. Medora Harding opens the list of sufferers. And Minot, her husband, was son to my mother's sister, Colston, thus implicating my connections in this odorous mess of law and lawyers!

Bradford. Let us hope for some friendly solution. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Stanhope.

Stanhope. It's all in this Sulphur Water! I'm never in love. I never flirt. I never become sentimental. No paint, powders, ribbons or ruffles are wasted on me. Mothers encourage my innocent attentions and fathers promote my safe acquaintance.—I never drink the water! It is the most insidious—amatory—provocative—demoralizing—liquid on earth. One goblet would cause a Cardinal turn Turk—Diana herself sigh for a husband. 'Twould make "the Papa of the world, Mamma." Christianity ought to fill up the Spring.

Enter Bertha.

Ah! Miss Joinville! The top of this lovely morn to her!

Bertha. And to you, Mr. Stanhope! I go but to my cottage. Have you naught better, so far join me, pray.

Stanhope. Thanks! Thanks! Miss Joinville! You teach me that I misconstrue no goodness from your sex. I never drink the Water!

Bertha. Your position is, indeed, exceptional. You are the same considerate and reliable friend to us all. We feel secure in your companionship, and ceremony hangs, like shield unused, within our armony.

Stanhope. (*Bowing.*) You flatter me, Miss Joinville. My planter-manners are untaught in graceful compliment.—I never drink the Water!

Bertha. No! Mr. Stanhope, you require it not. The fount of health is yours already.

Enter Lefroy.

Lefroy. I was just seeking you, Miss Joinville.

Bertha. (*Introducing.*) Mr. Stanhope! Mr. Lefroy.—And how might I oblige you?

Stanhope. (*Aside.*) Don't offer him any Sulphur Water! Miss Joinville, the port is reached, your pilot takes his leave. The less reluctantly. that you remain in such choice company.

Bertha. (*Advancing.*) Construe me not so strictly! Must you retire? Remain still yet, I beg.

Stanhope. I must renounce the pleasure. It is not easy so to do, believe.

Bertha. Then, till the afternoon, adieu. (*Exit Stanhope, bowing.*)

Lefroy. (*Aside.*) The afternoon? What's here?—A friend of yours?

Bertha. I hope so, as I am, indeed, to him.—You are not jealous, hence?

Lefroy. Why, if you like him, so shall I, (*Aside,*)—*away.*—Yet I've not seen you!

Bertha. No? What would you that I do? It is my hour to write. Your looks say, Nay! Exaction and Mr. Lefroy are still, I find, united. (*Aside.*) I shall, anon, divorce you.

Lefroy. Exaction, Bertha?—Miss Joinville!—Pardon! From breath so gentle flows rebuke?

Bertha. I mean,—persuasion.

Lefroy. And in so saying, make me whole again. See yonder nodding oaks! They beck us to their shade. There shall we rest the firmer friends. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Major.

Major. What *has* become of old Esculapius! He's not with the mother. She it must have been, seated with Paddleford. *Jove regnante*, she's handsome! I hope the daughter resembles her. I wonder where she is. You might as well search for the missing Pleiad, as for anybody at this place. People get lost while you are talking to them. I'll still after, the chase is not yet warm. (*Exit.*)

Enter Dr. Paddleford and Grace.

Dr. P. Yes! Yes! Harry has fine appearance. But he is without ties, without occupation, without destiny! Nature and advantages, to what have they not given him claim! He has refused everything. He must now marry,—settle down into respectability, if not into usefulness.

Grace. Ha! Ha! Mr. Paddleford a husband! He were, as likely, an abbot in a monastory. Wedlock, after all, is the expedient of convenience. Mr. Paddleford has everything to lose, nothing to gain—by so unnatural a complication.

Dr. P. My dear Miss Grace! I—I— Suffer me to recall my scattered senses. Such sentiments astound me. You are the matrimonial Borgia of "The White"——Hymen's image—breaker! Here is Harry, already saturated with perverted principles, thrown under your ascetic influence. Here I, destined once more, perhaps, to feel the throb of tenderness. Here, just arrived, a charming friend, yet blushing with my assurance that he shall, within one hour, know you. And all my hopes, my calculations, prayers——

Enter Major.

Ah! my good Sir! your name was on my lips. Miss Stockton! Major Harding!—a gentleman to value. How well such words become him, later judge.

Major. The gratitude I owe the Doctor must not mar my interests. (*To Doctor.*) Unspeak, I beg, your over-fair opinion!

Grace. It shall not harm you. The scales I'll keep void of enconium. But share, I pray, our ramble.

Major. With thanks! Such kindness colors happiness itself. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE V. *Oaks, opposite Baltimore Row.*

Lefroy and Bertha, seated.

Bertha. You insist, then, you had not forgot me.

Lefroy. Forgot you, Bertha? With flow'rets fresh, I twine your image day by day, and there, as at an altar, lisp my matin and my vesper prayer.—Do you love me, Bertha?

Bertha. (*Coyly.*) I know not what I should reply to that. You have given me no reason to answer—now—in words.

Lefroy. No reason, Bertha? I have not asked you to marry me.—I know not that you would.—And "The White Sulphur" is no place for a formal proposal. But I have sworn I never loved, could love, but you.

Bertha. You have. And did I not answer in return with fair encouragement as maiden modesty might grant?

Lefroy. Yes! Bertha, yes! To seal the sweet confession—(*Kissing her hand.*)—

Bertha. O, Pray!—Now, don't!—Do, please!—Desist!—You must!—Now, come!—I won't——

Enter Dr. Paddleford, Major and Grace.

Grace. You'll pardon this intrusion, Bertha, when that it brings such better compliments than mine. Miss Joinville! Doctor Paddleford and Major Harding! prove to them both good friend!

Bertha. (*Confused, bowing.*) Sure, I must need Be seated, pray. (*All sit, save Lefroy. Awkward silence.*)

Dr. P. Yes! Yes! We started to your quarters!

Lefroy. (*Advancing.*) Miss Stockton! I am charmed——

Bertha. (*More confused.*) I crave forgiveness! Dr. Paddleford, Major Harding!—Mr. Lefroy. (*First two bow to Lefroy, and he to Grace and them, Major sitting next Bertha, Lefroy next Grace.*)

Dr. P. Miss Joinville, I must now, upon engagement, proceed to Mrs. Stockton's. This sylvan scene can miss me not. Miss Grace, I shall report you of the nymphs. I bow to all! (*Exit.*)

Lefroy. (*Aside.*) What can I say?—How shall I begin? Miss Stockton, I—I was just about to call on you.

Grace. On the like mission, doubtless. Never with the same result.

Lefroy. (*Embarrassed.*) Not with the same result. Oh! No!—Certainly not.—I—I meet you, now, don't I? I—I should have found you out! Shouldn't I?

Grace. As I, Sir, now, have found you out.

Lefroy. (*Aside.*) I believe she saw me!—She did, I'm certain! Witnessed everything! I'll change the conversation. Major Harding, you must persuade Miss Joinville to show you her portfolio. The two Virginias live transplanted by her pencil.

Major. I should be greatly honored! But, truth to tell, no critic's eye is mine. The effect, in general, only, is my guide. 'Twill lead to pleasure, where Miss Joinville paints.

Bertha. You shall see all, Sir, as your leisure claims, though all be less than much.

Grace. You have not slighted Lover's Leap! Some rustic wild, some opening view, adorns your page, I know.

Bertha. A few, I own. Another ends the series.

Grace. I shall claim to see the finish. (*Bows.*)

Major. (*Bowing.*) *Au revoir.* (*Exit Major and Grace.*)

Bertha. (*Archly.*) I am so confused! I scarce can think, much less resolve.

Lefroy. Anything occurred? transpired?

Bertha. Pray, for the moment, leave me. I must reflect. Soon shall we be together.

Lefroy. Till then, sweet maid, adieu! (*Exit.*)

Bertha. This silly and transparent manikin! His craft shines through him. And yet he thinks—has thought—me mad in love. I play the game more skilled than he. (*Exit.*)

Enter Dr. Paddleford.

Dr. P. Where I did leave them, there have I searched in vain. They are flown! Of course! That Harry has invented some subterfuge to decoy her away. She else were anchored to the spot. For truth she is—all frankness, ever.—What brings him here? One never sees me strutting about Lisbon, Venice or Berlin, like a fire-pheasant in springtime. Or purring, like a tom-cat, in the salôns of London or Paris. I never interfere with the affairs of other people. I stand in the way of nobody. Why should he interpose between the solitary attachment I have formed since parted from his sainted mother? I can't challenge him. No! I can't even break to him the tender situation. And I won't! It does not concern him. It's none of his business. His advice was not requested about my first alliance, and would be superfluous in this. A plague upon him! If they still linger on earth, I'll find them! (*Exit.*)

Enter Major and Grace, who sit.

Major. Not yet. Remain! Here must I woo.

Grace. Indeed! When was my duty in a foreign mint thus stamped?

Major. Since first we met, I trust, as mine at yours. Learn, love, to wear the seal. You much become such golden print.

Grace. 'Tis no true metal, as I fear. But know, you are provoking!

Major. Your pardon, loveliness! 'Tis diffidence that scants my tongue.

Grace. For brief acquaintance, you are bold enough.

Major. Yes! for a frozen Swede or sledded Pole. But, love, we will not dwell abroad. Our life of melody shall charm the native heather.

Grace. You discourse idly. Turn to more timely themes. Have you met Mr. McAlister. (*Nodding.*) 'Tis he now in the distance, an "old school" gentleman, and twice elected Governor.

Major. As yet, I have not. In my own canvass, I had overlooked another's.—You first I heard of when I came, and here we are together! Is it not rapture's self? We'll have no wedding breakfast, Grace. How many waltzes may I claim tonight?

Grace. Such only as your diffidence has earned.

Major. No!—'twere to take all! Say three. Enough, I'm sure, to make green the Gods that from Olympus eye our steps.

Grace. You may not please me in the first.

Major. The fault will not be mine.

Grace. Well! If I like you, hope to find I am not disobliging.

Major. You like me, now. I have already pleased you. Train this tender shoot to mount in fragrance to the height of love.

Grace. I see, Sir! the flattery you will not accept from a friend, you are not too proud to receive from yourself. You are much too vain—and—overfree!

Major. Of this rebellion you will sure repent! When we are married, I must punish you.

Grace. Thus mated, faith! were punishment enough!

Major. I did but jest. Ah! No! I'll never vex you, willingly. Command, rule, sway! You shall be sovereign o'er all things but one.

Grace. That one, of course, yourself.

Major. Fair railer, no! I mean, save Love. There will I wrestle you for empire! Elsewhere, allegiance loyal, homage, fealty are thine. Here, I'll dispute your crown, and sweeten combat blow for blow.

Grace. No more! (*Aside.*) Beshrew that honied tongue! I should not thus have listened. I must now leave you to your valued self!—You'll never, sure, fall out! (*Exit.*)

Major. The dream is ended and the vision's fled. (*Exit.*)

SCENE VI. *Near Chalybeate Spring.*

Harry Paddleford and Mrs. Stockton, seated.

Harry. How beautiful! You are so, ever! You will not love. I cannot win you. All this I feel. I still adore.

Mrs. S. Why must you, Harry? I hold you as my favorite. Break not the bond. Of all my lovers, you alone I prize, and you, not in that quality, but as some gentle, fond gazelle.

Harry. Why must I? Love of conquest! Ardor of the chase! Explain, I cannot. Say you loved me. My fondness would fly. You will not love. The flame increases.

Mrs. S. Thus have you ever been. The Rhine, the Seine, the Thames, have seen you win the gentlest hearts, to cast them quick away! Your pleasure, like the bubble clasped, was ended in possession. Strange perversity.

Harry. 'Tis true! My nature still! The leopard's spots unchanged.

Mrs. S. Now, for your sake, (*Patting his hand,*) would that we both had hearts, and I of mine were mistress.

Enter Dr. Paddleford.

Dr. P. (*Aside.*) The mystery is over! The riddle and its answer appear together! The fellow is my rival—my riparian marplot! They have been billing and cooing here, like turtle doves, an hour, at least. (*Advancing.*) Ah! Mrs. Stockton, Madam! And you, Sir! Await my return? Yes! I perceive! Awaiting it quite patiently. Without a murmur! But not where I left you. Oh! No!—Too unromantic! Too, open, public, accessible, for the nature of the ceremonies. Yes! Entirely! The scene is changed! And from Cupid's bower, the delightful drama reopens with absorbing interest.

Mrs. S. (*Soothingly.*) You, Doctor, can have no cause for jealousy. Others, perhaps, may have. Not you, good Doctor. 'Twas long since I had met your son, and we had much to say. The interruptions at our former seat, had left untouched the chapter. If, by the change, we something lost of you, you here rest captive till the debt be paid.

Harry. Do, father! Yield! Remain.

Dr. P. No! It grows towards my whist. Forgive my hasty and ill-judging speech! I was o'erwarm with exercise. You both are right. Except by stealth, we snatch no converse here. (*To Mrs. S.*) The eve must claim our wanted stroll. Shall we return?

Mrs. S. Yes! good my friend! 'Tis later than I thought. (*Exeunt.*)

End of Act I.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Hotel Office.*

To Room Clerk, behind Counter, enter Captain of Watch.

Capt. There's a peddler making here. Looks like a Hebrew.

Clerk. Order him off! Arrest him! Throw him in the creek!

Capt. Are you *crazy?* He hasn't peddled yet. He may want a room, for what we know.

Clerk. If he does, I can't be half the lunatic that he is.

Capt. It would certainly be luck to get someone in that Old Ball Room.

Clerk. I know people won't go there.

Capt. You're talking about guests. But the niggers go there. And, hang me! if we ain't burnt up through their vices and keerlessness. Three watchmen can't patrol "The White."

Clerk. Well, if you think the countryman of Dinah and Bathsheba will improve the moral situation, I don't see the security he offers us against fire.

Capt. The small Jew merchant, like the small Christian merchant, has sometimes committed arson, to collect insurance on stock. But every peddler is his own insurer. His pack carries no policy. Besides, it's always been said, and I firmly believe, that Old Lady of the Spring won't allow felony to be committed here. (*Exit.*)

Enter Minot.

Clerk. Well, Moses, how's your brother, Aaron?

Minot. He gome nod doo der bromist lant!—I vaund a leedle rume, blease—Bood me vere I podders no vine beobles. Der bardritge musd nod eggsbegd some aiks she have not lait.

Clerk. We can only accommodate you in the Old Ball Room. That will be twenty-five, a week, in advance, with right to sell, as far as we can give any. Money refunded, *pro rata*, if stay less than a week.

Minot. En atfance? En Penshamin vas der down Ono! Pud ad Vide Zulver, id musd pe O Yez! Dake der dwenty-vife. (*Handing.*)

Clerk. Your meals will be served when the children and nurses have theirs.

Minot. Zo? Vell! I vond dare my karmends nor vear zome zag-cloades! I know der olife dree vas nefer usevull nor peaudivull enouve doo geeb gombany mid der balm dree! Geeve me dot ben, blease. (*Registers.*)

Clerk. (*Reading.*) "*Isaac Cohen, Va.*" (*To servant.*) Front! Old Ball Room. (*Exeunt omnes.*)

SCENE II. *Trees in front of Carolina Row.*

Enter Major and Harry Paddleford.

Major. I understand the situation, exactly. What would *you* do, Paddleford?

Harry. (*Aside.*) For — the — Stocktons — renounce. Against others, assert title. (*To Major.*) Can't advise you! Disqualified through interest. Merely state circumstances. Don't be percipitate. Involved, is much money.

Major. Why has not this opportunity fallen upon some soul receptive, that would, with joy, improve it?—to him who "*dings*" his neighbors behind their backs, and the game only when he loses it?—who buys his lottery-ticket on the sly, and, at down-town luncheon, orders his whiskey in teacup *argent*, supporting spoon *flotant?*

Harry. Can't speculate about it. His turn next, possibly. Fortune has changeful tides

Major. To me you bring but fruit that turns to ashes on the lip—waters I cannot taste—bonanzas that I may not mine. I dismiss the cotton, to which, as such, my legal claim could be no greater than your own. (*Resolutely.*) And as to the Plantation, I'll do what my father intended to do; what, if capable, he would have affected; and what, if incompetent, he would have desired me, when qualified, to perform in his stead.

Harry. You astound ordinary mortals. Can't take your altitude. You need my philosophy. Look out for self. Let others do likewise.

Major. To the person in possession, claiming through my father's deed, I release all interest in the land, and, if the useless be required, in the cotton, and its proceeds, as well. *Money?* Would I had some! I'm as poor, Paddleford, as a church mouse—yes, in attendance, poorer. But my duty is obvious. Bid the gentleman send his papers, for execution.

Harry. And now, the climax! Could Faith believe it? Mrs. Stockton's the gentleman!

Major. Some little breath—*cæsura*—pause. Mrs. Stockton?—That alters circumstances. I must consider.

Harry. No! I have anticipated. She suspects nothing. And need know, when? Not while here. Information afterwards, immaterial.

Major. I could not woo the maid who was forbid, by some imagined favor of the past, frankly to say me Nay! Too delicately grateful to feel unconstrained in virgin choice.

Harry. War and Love! I've passed through both. All's fair in either.

Major. They each do so inflame our passions, that men, in madness, oft see not, or seeing, spurn not, things, to normal vision, most ignoble. No more of truth dwells in so rank an adage.

Harry. The maid's been won! Unaided won, "true blue"! But hear my plan. Lawyer here draws documents. You execute, after dinner. Competent Notary at Hotel. I'll telegraph counsel. Write and send papers. Forbid detailed information, here. Decision on claim, only. Wednesday brings him writings.

Major. I do consent. You should have been a woman, Paddleford. You have a knack for intrigue, would lead man past salvation.

Harry. No! Only to Grace! Find we Stanhope. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Bradford, Mrs. Stockton and Grace.

Bradford. I deem myself most fortunate. Returning to my northern home, from private business in the West, something allured me to survey this famed resort. My venture, ladies, had rich cargo found in your acquaintance, but, odd to tell, I here have met some distant kin. Let me now take a leave, not long, of presence which I feel has wrought so much my pleasure and my good. (*Exit.*)

Mrs. S. Adieu, then, but till shortly. (*To Grace.*) I am strangely drawn towards him, daughter! Were we companions or partakers of an elder life? Does the secret of my blood flow in his veins, or dwell in his breast?

Grace. And I, mamma, have feelings weird as yours. He seems to bear me to some unknown past, and yet, so gently, fartherly, I would not willingly resist. And when you faltered forth, you were to kindred stranger, his visage seemed to break in holy light, and beg to lead you to them.

Mrs. S. Too much of him we cannot see. 'Tis well, ha! ha! he is so proper, stately and respectable. He might find, else, two lovers, or two enemies, classes equally indefatigable, and, to fourscore, one might think, equally inconvenient. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Lefroy, letter in hand.

Lefroy. Sometime coming! "*Paris, July 30th.*" (*Sits.*) "*Your absent, but ever-loving, Dora.*" And then her admonitions! (*Reads.*) "*If you must go to those rebel springs, take no part, if you love me, in their unseemly frivolities, but confine your intercourse to those whom years have rendered serious.*" (*Replacing letter in envelope.*) The suspicious little vixen! Why couldn't she trust me? Even now, the gravity of my deportment almost gives offense to those around me. But this premature interference——

Enter Minot, bearing tray, containing goods.

Minot. Somedinks sheab, shutge! Der liperal shall pe mate vad!

Lefroy. Hello! old Deuteronomy!—O! I'm stout enough! Set down your "Old Dog Tray,"—"ever faithful" to his owner's pocket, I dare say. (*Examines contents.*)

Minot. Shutge, you hafe a vine vamiliar shbirid. Zome klufs, shen'ral? Varrandet, hant unter digh! Mate vor dees fery blace. Yusd your numper. Doo Tollars!

Lefroy. Oh! no! Judah! Come down a hundred cents!

Minot. Der puyer poasds ven he hafe gone avay. Vell! I somedime zell 'em. Ef I geebs der vig-dree, I eads der vruid.

Lefroy. (*Aside.*) I'll make friends with him. They seem dear, Judah! but here's your money. (*Handing.*) Anything to kill time at this hour, when the place is more than positively hateful.

Minot. Like Vistom, I lofe vad lofes me. I nod gomblain.

Lefroy. And, then, the indecencies around you! People are so mixed up, that they're their own nieces and nephews. And actually boasting about the connection!

Minot. Vell, Moses' mudder vas his vadder's aund. Unt Apraham, I pleefe, marriet his sisder-een-halve. Pud, kuf'ner, ve musd shbeag een visbers 'poud beobles here. You hafe as vine a het ove hair as Apsolom. Pedder dry doo geeb id, shen'ral.

Lefroy. The men I despise. I'm good for any two of them, armed or unarmed But, O! O! the times I've had with the women! (*Drops letter*) Some of them run after me, until I'm really wearried in escaping them.

Minot. Zent zome mizes mongsd der Vilisdines! Vell! I alvays trings vrom my own zisdern. Pud shdolen vaaders is shfeed.

Lefroy. Do you know, Israel?—now, in confidence, Israel, I'm going to be married, no!—not exactly married—I mean I'm already engaged, to some half dozen of them.

Minot. Vell! Vell! Py shiminy! Der ozdridge peads der horse, put dees peads eferyding! I can zee, kuf'ner, you musd pe as gradevull doo der laties as der ladder rain.

Lefroy. Yes! And I've been reflecting quite seriously about it. I shall really pity them, when my time comes to leave.

Minot. I hobe der silfer gorts gomes nod unloos't, nor der golten powls gids proge. Der rafens mide veet 'em.

Lefroy. I, of course, have the pick But there's lots going on here!

Minot. Vell! Der passin' shdranger mide blug zome grabes een der feenyart!

Lefroy. Say, Judah, do you never get in, on the sly—on the sly, eh?

Minot. I hafe mate a kufenand mid my eyes, shutge!—Yacop tit gode his lek proge, reslink mid only vone anshel.

Lefroy. Now, look here, old Ararat, no nonsense! You know all that is going on at this place, and mingle with everybody. Here's a tenner. (*Handing bill.*) If you can arrange for me something—something choice, select, really appetizing ——

Minot. Guf'ner, you ees doo shenerous!—Plonte or prunedde? Any bardigular hour, any brezize blaze, shen'ral?

Lefroy. All cats, they say, are grey at night. You attend to the details. Only notify me in time. There's one of my girls, now. (*Exit.*)

Minot. This dwarf a crane might swallow, struts, brags and through the quick of truth doth pierce, like muddled trooper at some village inn. (*Perceiving and securing Letter, examines marks on Envelope.*) My good Lord Julius! A lady's hand, that bears some character. (*Smelling.*) A billet so perfumed, ten thousand surges of the sea have not damp'd its fragrance. A vulgar eye should not invade such sweetness, nor shall, although I turn the missive to account.

SCENE III. *Walk, amid Woods, beyond Howard's Creek.*

Enter Major and Grace.

Grace. (*Stopping.*) I fear me, we are lost.

Major. Never was man more fairly won!

Grace. No levity! (*Thunder and Lightning.*) The storm! Whither shall we betake us? (*Thunder.*) Nearer it grows!

Major. I, for my heedlessness, do much deserve. But you, what hast thou done, to share, in rude alarms, my drenching? We can't remain where we are. (*Thunder and lightning continue.*) Not Ariadne's thread could guide us back. (*Pointing.*) We'll make yon light! Courage! A brave heart and strong arm are near you. (*Approaching storm still heard.*)

Grace. (*Hurrying.*) I'll strive. O, that we came! (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE IV. *Thornton's Cottage, light within.*

Enter Paul Thornton, stalwart ancient, with sombrero, open buck-skin jacket, trowsers in boots, and gazes, from his Porch, towards the Woods.

Thornton. People loses their senses when they gits in love! Dog'd if they don't! Here comes a couple was so taken up with each other, I wonder they heard it thunder. But, every summer, we has the same thing. (*Storm continues and rain commences.*)

Enter Major and Grace.

Major. We come from "The White," Sir, and, having lost our way, desire——

Thornton. And welcome!—I reckon I know it all!—But in from the storm! In! (*All enter.*)

Scene changes from outside Cottage, to decent parlor within, storm and rain increasing.

Thornton. Jist feel as free as at home, and welcome as my own. Don't think you is the fust, no more'n you'll be the last, to get bewildered in them amazin' laberinths——

Major. It is some comfort that we are not pioneers in such embarrassment as confronts us

Thornton. And have to spend the night here, as best they could.

Grace. Remain all night! Never! never! Mr.—— Mr.——

Thornton. Paul Thornton, Miss, your servant.

Major. No! No! That seems impossible!

Thornton. A fox can't hardly git to the Spring, tonight, even if it cl'ars. The Race and the Creek will be up, and the roads and paths blocked with fallen timber, that ain't to be got out, till 'light.

Grace. Oh! Mr. Thornton! to what predicament your words consign me! And then my mother, how shall she survive my unknown fate!

Major. I ought not to try for "The White," and leave you here alone. (*Aside.*) And I don't wish to.

Thornton. Now, just listen to reason! Not drawin' no comparersons, you two ain't no better'n the couple that every season gits lost in the evenin', and is 'bliged to wait here till mornin' They becomes missed, and the Hotel guesses whar they is. (*Thunder, lightning and rain increase.*) Now, if them iliments ever stops their clatter, I'll touch off one my little howitzers, and they'll know, over the hill, you're under Paul Thornton's pertection, and safe as in church,

Enter Mother Craddock, courtesying.

Craddock! show Miss—— (*Craddock courtesies.*)

Grace. Miss Stockton.

Thornton. Up to daughter's. Sleep in the next room, and, if the lady don't object, keep the middle door ajar. She may git nervous. They often does. And 'mind cook, Craddock, to have supper for three (*Exeunt Craddock, with a courtesy, and Grace.*) Mr.—Mr.—What did you say your name was?

Major. (*Aside.*) I didn't say! Harding—Harding, Mr. Thornton.

Thornton. I'll take you to my dungeon, whar you can spruce up, Mr. Harding, before table. Of course, the young lady bein' here tonight, *you* can't stay, too.—What's the harm?—No more in you what goes, than in me what don't. But tongues will wag, and you can't stop 'em. So, 'fore bedtime, I'll tuck you in weather-coat and fishin'-boots, and walk you over to Squire Sam, my brother, 'bout pistol-shot off, and he's always got room for *menageries.*

Major. (*Aside.*) I hope there's nothing personal in this last assurance! I am quite satisfied of your good intentions, Mr Thornton, but I'm not certain I'd be more censured, or censurable, for staying by her, than in trusting her to the hands of strangers.

Thornton. Come! Come! Mr.—Mr.—Harding. Them what bears good will to each other, ain't *never* strangers.

Major. The objection to my continuing here, overnight, I should never, I confess, have anticipated. Wasn't it one of your name, who knocked down the pugilist, for ogling Miss Pickens, at the tableaux?

Thornton. O! them's by-gones! I fetched him one crack.

Major. I'll do as you advise, friend Thornton, but remember how priceless the gem confided to your keeping and your honor. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE V. *Mrs. Stockton's cottage.*

Mrs. Stockton and Bertha within, storm without.

Mrs. S. How it rages! What end will be theirs? Could they thus venture?

Bertha. Take heart, dear Madam. I trust that Major, in crisis like to this, and in very truth believe they've made safe harbor.

Mrs. S. Were I thus satisfied! How frightful the tumult! And, then, the scandal! A couple thus together —And for the night? What will be thought?

Bertha. I cannot tell, I'm sure. The thoughts of others we, at most, surmise, and, when rightly guessed, form no just ground of quarrel. But let them here take slanderous shape in speech, in shrug, or wink, and, by a virgin's oath, I'll flout the proudest culprit to the face.

Mrs. S. Brave girl!—The tempest chafes. O! heaven! my houseless child protect! (*Rapping without.*) She it may be! Oh! No! but news of her. (*Opens door, when, enter Harry Paddleford.*) Oh! Mr. Paddleford! what safety, comfort, tidings can you speak!

Harry. (*Aside.*) My vestments stream without. Eyes, as abundantly, within. (*Bows.*) Mrs. Stockton! Miss Joinville! Your anxieties are natural. Not removable instantaneously. Situation must medicine itself. Predicament no novelty. Occurs every season. Harding's susceptible! Yes! dreadfully. His soul, naturally lofty. Now, his honor's engaged. He's Miss Grace's protector. She'll hear nothing sentimental. He's resourceful in emergency. They've found respectable asylum. Till morning, of course. All this I'll underwrite.

Bertha. On lines like these, though briefer drawn, had I attempted to assure our friend.

Mrs. S. Can naught be done? How helpless are we when we need be strongest! If 'scaped through this adventure, she'll never leave my side. No search, alas! in this wild night is possible.

Harry. Old story, at Office. Manager not disturbed. After storm, tidings certain. Will be sent you. Meanwhile, accept these comforts. Miss Grace is safe. Miss Grace is dry. Miss Grace is fed. She soon shall slumber. With morning will return. Mrs. Stockton, my sympathy! Ladies, my good-night!

Mrs. S. and Bertha. Thanks, thanks, good-night! (*Exit Harry.*)

Mrs. S. A man well studied in the world, except as to his part therein. I'll wait the truce of favoring skies. Something may come to tranquilize these fears.

Bertha. And, as your handmaid, I the vigil share.

SCENE VI. *Thornton's Cottage. His Daughter's Apartment.*

Grace, seated, in night robe, preparatory to retirement, her hair, being dressed by Mother Craddock.

Mother C. The supper? La! Miss! we halways 'as good heatin'. But hi *do* 'opes you get lost next time, Miss, w'en game his hin season. The wen'son hand pheasants his fine, Miss! This room are Miss 'Ellen's, Miss, hand hall the things you 'as hon, Miss,—some

hof them, hi means, Miss—his 'erne. She's hover hat Hunion, now. Hand, la! Miss, the young men w'at hare ha-courtin' hof 'er! Jimmy Maypole, hand Dandy Gudgeon, hand Willie—but, marry come hup! 'Ow hi gabbles hand sleeples your beauty hies, Miss!

Grace. Give me to know, good mother, I here rest safe and sound, and that my friends will feel so. (*Gun fires.*)

Mother C. La! bless your sweet cheeks, Miss, hif you be n't safe sleepin' with Mr. Thornton, you haint safe sleepin' with hany man! (*Another gun fires.*) Hand *sound*, Miss! W'y hi've bin livin' with 'im these twelve years, come Candlemas, hand look hat me, Miss. There hain't no saint nor wirgin sounderer, hin hany part hof 'er, than hi his. Hand your friends, Miss! W'y the two cannons 'as told 'em that the missin' his found hand 'oused, 'cordin' to custom, by Paul Thornton, w'at never forgits the ways hof lovers heven w'en they forgits themselves.

Grace. This is a precious consolation, mother. But Major Harding might not care to rank as my admirer, still less as something more.

Mother C. (*Bridling.*) Hand ha pretty cre'tur his 'e then, Miss! Don't keer to! Marry come hup! Hif 'es' got 'alf han hi, Miss, 'e keers in every spot habout 'im, from 'ead to foot! W'at kind hof ha 'Ardin' might hit be, Miss?

Grace. Frank, yes!—I think—Frank,—Harding.—We are but fresh acquaintances, you know. His father—let me see, they say, was Roscoe—and his mother—mother—in her maiden right—as I have learned,—was Rosa Loyall.

Mother C. (*Affected.*) Ha! Miss, your deary soul must bear halong with me! You just brings water to me hies! 'Er father was too horful rich to look hat. Hand hi was 'er maid, Miss! La! Miss, such times has they 'ad! 'Ow they comes prancin' hup to their cottage, hin their coach-hand-four, the whip ha—crackin' hand the trumpet ha—blowin'! Heven w'en Miss Rose got growed hup, la! Miss, she could never leave *me* hat 'ome! Hi dressed 'er, give 'er 'er pills, 'tended 'er bath, (la! Miss, for rale lovely, hif the Springs could 'ave seen 'er hin that bath!) hundressed 'er, hand looked hafter 'er things, just hinfant like! One summer, hat "The W'ite," she meets Mr. 'Ardin. They was so much hin love, hon sight, Miss, they'd 'ave walked hinto ha wolcano, hand not knowed hit was 'ot!

Grace. And this Harding, was he so very handsome?

Mother C. Bless your dear 'art! Miss, the most hiligant hies hever lit hon! Them days, the trousers of the young beaux was like the skin hon ha heel, tight, Miss, tight has hany wax. Hand the fine ladies, kind 'er quiet, would drop their hies w'en 'e passed, to see them taperin' limbs. La! Miss, 'e said hand done so many hoff—'and things, 'e 'ad the ladies halmost hat 'is feet. But bless your sweet 'ead, Miss, to hexcuse such tittle-tattles hand hole folks tales. For your lovely 'air hare hall harranged!

Grace. I thank you for this aid, good mother. Yet pray, continue. You interest me, greatly. (*Aside.*) More than I care avow, I fear.

Mother C. Well, Miss, hof course—next Spring—they was married, hand, habout five years hafter, they comes back to "The W'ite," with ha little four-year-hole boy, so like 'is father, Miss, nobody could say 'im Nay Hi were then with Mrs. 'Ampton, w'at's bin ha hangel for this many ha year.

Grace. And had Mr Harding no brother nor a sister?

Mother C. La! Miss, before 'e got Miss Rose, 'is sister 'ad married ha Mr. Minor, hor some such name, hand, with 'er 'usband hand little son, was hat "The W'ite," w'en the 'Ardins' turned up. So, one day, w'en the two fam'lies was together, Mr. Minor, 'e calls me to 'im—we was become great friends, Miss—hand, before 'em hall, goes through ha performance—la! Miss, you never saw hor 'eard the likes—hand, says 'e, mother, don't never forgit this, hand halways remember the spot.

Grace. I'm sure you obeyed his injunctions, mother.

Mother C. They was that well meant, Miss, hi could'nt 'elp hit. Hand hever since hi were with Mr. Thornton, hi've bin keepin' comp'ny with that place, hand haddin' one mark there to hanother.

Grace. I'll not inquire your secret, nor ask why you retain it, mother.

Mother C. Many's the sorry day, Miss, hi's bin 'opin' hand prayin' to come 'cross some Mr. Minor's, or some Miss Rose's, child'in, hat "The W'ite." Hi would feel more comfortable like, w'en the hend comes, Miss, hif they knowed hit.

Grace. Your opportunity has arrived, then, it would seem, with Major Harding.

Mother C. (*Indignantly.*) 'E don't deserve hit, Miss! Marry, come hup! Don't keer, la! to hadmire such ha face hand such ha

woice! 'Ow shamed Miss Rose 'ave bin hof 'im! Hand wouldn't 'is father 'ave scorched 'im 'ot hand 'eavy!

Grace. I've done him, mother, in your view, injustice. Let me recall my doubt. Plain as I deem myself, he is not wholly, I believe, indifferent to that plainness.

Mother C. Hof course not, Miss! 'Ow could hanybody be? Hain't 'e Miss Rose's son? 'Is sparkin' father's, too? Hi'll tell 'im hall, Miss. Hand bless your 'art, Miss, git to sleep w'ile hi be gone. Hit wont be long. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE VII. *Thornton's Cottage—Parlor.*

Thornton and Major, smoking, and preparing to leave Cottage.

Enter Mother Craddock.

Mother C. La! Mr. Thornton, bless my hies! to think 'e be Miss Rose's son!

Thornton. It's a strange fallin' together, Craddock! But it's an ill wind what blows good to nobody. (*To Major.*) Mother Craddock was your mother's nurse and maid. (*Craddock courtesies.*) And—now don't be blushin', Craddock,—no better heart don't beat. (*Craddock courtesies again.*)

Major. That I'll warrant. (*Advancing.*) Your hand, good mother! Be friend of mine e'en as of her who bore me.

Mother C. (*Courtesying.*) There somethin' hon me mind, sir——

Thornton. Craddock, don't be a-flirtin' with the gentleman! He! He! He!

Mother C. (*To Thornton.*) La! sir, 'ow you flusters me! (*To Major.*) Ha mightly 'urry his hi hin, sir, fear she git nervous, has Mr. Thornton says, without me. Bless 'er dear hies, 'ow could anybody 'elp to love 'er!

Major. I can't imagine—and have, surely, never tried.

Mother C. Hi studies this by 'art sir, many ha year :—West hof Lover's Walk, hat the p'int hof 'Esitancy, be three hoaks, hand hin the souther'most, 'bout five foot from the groun', be two big nails; hand 'twixt them nails, his driv', not many hinches hin the tree, ha 'ollow steel, hand hin this steel be two small 'arts hof gold, w'at's linked together; hand whosohever finds, hin love his hever 'appy.

Your Huncle Minor done hand told hall this, before my wery hies hand hears, Miss Rose hand 'usband standin' by, w'en you was four hears hole. Don't lose no time, sir, to lay 'and hupon them precious 'arts! Hand so says hi, good night, sir! (*Exit courtesying.*)

Major. Good night, my mother's mother and my own!—How past conceit of fable! I thank thee, and could blindfold reach my oak. There will I play the Druid.

Thornton. She's been a-carryin' that secret all these years, in her heart's heart. And she's as happy in puttin' it where it belongs, as if she'd handed over the seal of the Treasury. All luck and happiness, sir! But them's fine trees. They ought 'er be saved, if they kin be. I'll git the place sawed and chiseled out, and the plug put back and composted, so it 'll grow in again. But it's movin' on to bedtime. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE VIII. *Road, between Spring and Lawn, opposite Alabama Row.*

Enter Minot.

Minot. Why should this hand, or not, end or invite more care? If Fate hath writ her sentence and its execution, there's no reversal. But soft! Cast up accounts! The subterranean Jailor lists the guilt of all his prisoners, and to each assigns, in burden purgative, his expiating task. He, just missed Heaven, delves not with him who ever trembled, in his mortal course, upon the rim of Erebus' dread kingdom. And so, this deed, if done, is added to my present load of sin. And yet, the sum of crime I still, perchance, may do, shall far outblack the past. On one side, smiles the hope of penitence, reform, of pardon. On the other, frowns the possibility of none. On both——

Enter Hygeia.

Hygeia. Stay! Thou art not what thou feignest, nor bent on holy canvass.

Major. (*Aside.*) It can't be Old Nick, in doubt of my resolution, come to make sure of me!—It seems of goddess port, though aspects oft deceive. (*To Hygeia.*) How I could long to dally with

those eyes, but that necessity, with tyrant scourge, doth speed my pace. (*Lefroy, on lawn, at distance, concealing behind shrubbery.*)

Hygeia. Thou can'st not, know, proceed, 'gainst my command.

Minot. The vexing moment chides delay.—Tomorrow eve, fair queen.

Hygeia. I bend towards thee. Thy feet are rooted as the oak.

Minot. (*Vainly struggling to proceed, Aside.*) True, by the rood! I'll cross myself! Not fleeing, it's no fiend. (*Enraged.*) Away! thou liquorish footpad! on thy life, away! (*Elevates arm.*)

Hygeia. Wilt so?—Once more towards thee I incline. Thine arms are marble.

Minot. (*Aside.*) As rigid as the arch. I can't think her of our earth. Spirit of evil is she not, as I, by test, have satisfied myself. (*To Hygeia.*) Mysterious being, who thus enthrall'st my frame and makes my will but consort to thine own, vouchsafe, if mortal ear may list, to teach me what thou art.

Hygeia. Know, then, that I am Health, who offended with Man's vice and crime, his mad defiance of my rule, withdraw from busy mart and crowded town, to fix my temple at this spot, where, winking at some mild infractions of my law, I yet condone no sin flagitions, nor any guilt abhored. For Health, like Virtue's self, is not alone of state corporeal, but of conceptions, aspirations, aims and every hidden current of the soul. Crime ever bred from some infirmity, self-won, or handed down. All villiany is but disease untreated, or incurable.

Minot. (*Aside*) And to that temple, stand I here like pillared ornament (*To Hygeia.*) If that thou spring'st from fair Appollo's son, with one draft from thy magic bowl. I part thy realm and break no law within it.

Hygeia. 'Twere wrong to say, I take thee at thy word, when, as thy plight attests, I may compel the deed. So, if it please you stay, remain. Quaff from this medicative fount. (*He drinks.*) Repent thy wicked thought, and let the transport of rekindled hope embrace the stars. (*Exit.*)

Minot. It does, while angels seem to answer, and claim thee sister to them. (*Exit.*)

Enter Lefroy.

Lefroy. It was mere accident that I observed them. I was afraid to draw too near, and did'nt hear their conversation. But they ap-

peared to be in earnest. I wonder what time and place they've agreed on. That Jew, in principle, is as much Christian as I am. And he's got to be landed in our Calvin fold.—She seemed, in outline, delicious. I'm certain that all my requirements will be satisfied.—O ! O ! If I could only make her acquaintance, *now!* (*Exit.*)

SCENE IX. *Thornton's Cottage—In front of.*

Enter Thornton, Mother Craddock, Major and Grace.

Thornton. The axes was started early. A sight of timber were down, and the waters was up. But you kin git 'long, now. (*To Major, Aside.*) I better wait 'bout the tree, till I hear from you.

Major. (*To Thornton and Mother C.*) How shall thanks be rendered, from hearts too full for speech ! May Heaven prove as kind to each of you as both have been to us ! (*Aside, to Thornton.*) I'll notify you at what hour the men shall meet me.

Grace. (*To Thornton.*) Nor are words mine, to weigh such goodness, Sir ! I can to you address good-bye, but never to my recollections of you. (*To Mother C.*) Nor of you, good mother, who have been truly such, and that in parlous hour.

Mother Craddock. Bless them dear hies, Miss, they fills me hown, ha—partin' ! We'll try to see you, Miss, hafore you leaves "The W'te." Hand hi 'opes w'en you hand Miss Rose's son comes back to the Springs, with *your* little boy, you won't never give me no secrets to keep, like that Mr. Minor. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE X. *Front of Louisiana Row.*

Enter Mrs. Stockton and Grace.

Mrs. S. Now that our Iliads are ended, in joy of your return, I half forgive you, daughter.

Grace. And only half, mamma ? You taught me, I was half of you. And to your moiety, or mine, comes pardon ? If yours, you but absolve yourself. If mine, remission still is incomplete. If half to each, one guilty quarter hold we, severally.

Mrs. S. Take all, dear Grace, and that, without reproof. Harding, at fault, in foresight, was not ill-behaved. Thornton was kind, and Mother Craddock I must know. Some little, useful thing, remember well to send them from New York. To offer recompence, would wound, I fear, their feelings.

Grace. Thanks! thanks! mamma! I'll not forget. (*Observing, picking up and examining envelope.*) A Robin Hood amongst the unprotected! An opened letter to Lefroy, mamma, from France, and penned in finest stroke.

Mrs. S. It, doubtless, from his person dropped. Enclose it him, at Broadway. No explanation, dear, seems requisite.

Grace. Of course! Yet is he of a nature to be torn with restless doubt, or we or no descended to peruse it. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Dr. Paddleford and Maggie, meeting.

Dr. P. 'Pon my word! Is this Maggie? Why I have'nt seen you since last summer! How are you, Maggie? How have you been? How's your father? Where did you come from? Where are you going? Tell me all about yourself!

Maggie. O! thank you, Dr. Paddleford, father and I are very—very well. I hope your own health is good. I have been leaving some flowers, and some maple sugar, in Colonnade Row, sir. I'm on my way home, now.

Dr. P. I am so-so, yes, fairly so-so, Maggie.

Enter Tom Yeates.

Dr. P. How are you, Yeates? Just inquiring about you.

Yeates. Hearty, thank'e, sir. How's yourself, Doctor?

Dr. P. Not too bad. Twinge of gout, sometimes. Yeates, you are the most industrious man in the State. What are you about, now?

Yeates. Aimin' to keep that fool-made Reservoir from bustin'! It's a bad job, though, sir, with such hands as they send me.

Dr. P. Yeates, you must take good care of Maggie. Don't let any of the Greenbrier beaux run off with her, before next season. I've promised to wait for her.—Haven't I, Maggie?

Maggie. Have you, sir? I don't know, sir.

Yeates. Ha! Ha! Ha! Well, Doctor, I believe pretty much the whole county has promised the same. But she's got plenty of time. Come, Maggie, we must both be going. Good morning! Doctor.

Maggie. Good-bye! Dr. Paddleford.

Dr. P. Good-bye! Good morning! (*Exeunt Yeates and Maggie.*) A most worthy, hardworking man! Maggie is quite a scholar for her years and surroundings, and she has youth and appearance. A great favorite, too, throughout the neighborhood, and with all who visit here. I mean to do something for her, before I die. (*Taking book from pocket, and making memorandum.*) There! Another forget-me not! (*Exit.*)

Enter Stanhope and Bradford.

Stanhope. These documents inform me, that your daughter, when just turned of age, converted her large fortune into money and exchange, and, with one Skelton Early, a married man, eloped to France.

Bradford. Alas! too true! Would Heaven had made it false!

Stanhope. The deserted wife expired in November. He was lawfully married to his companion in flight, at Dumfries, in the following January, and, in the Spring succeeding, a daughter was born to them, at Nice.

Bradford. Mark! mark! *nullius filia* the child was not!

Stanhope. Early, two years after, succumbed, in Rome, to fever. At the end of eight years of magnificient dissipation, his widow, then known as Madame Dulaney, in want, yielded up her erring spirit, at Vienna.

Bradford. This, strand by strand, did I for ten years gather, unconscious of her fate, till search had neared conclusion. Of her daughter, no trace could I discover.

Stanhope. Sir, and good kinsman, let us not despair. There sits aloft a Cherub, that oft sends comfort to poor landsmen, as well as to poor Jack, when skies are dark and help seems most remote. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE XI. *Hesitancy Point.*

Minot seated on trunk of Oak which has been prostrated by lightning.

Minot. (*Contemplatively.*) Behold this monarch of yesterday! blackened with fluid stroke, now, but a house-maid's broom! Generations that wooed beneath it, lie dismembered like itself. And (*Picking up,*) lo! this cylinder, from its gnarled bosom wrenched! (*Strikes timber with cylinder, which, crumbling, reveals contents, wrapped in foil, which he examines.*) Two golden hearts united! And round them twined their epigram:

True love shall bind,
When these you find.

Who planted them? And why? Perchance, as witness that it were more hard to find felicity in love, than spy a treasure in this heart of oak, whose riches only troops of centuries could lay bare, or that red hand which overthrows the citadel and hurls down the tower. (*Pocketing the articles.*) Though that I know they can as little grant, as feel, or fortune good or ill, I'll keep them for remembrance of this hour.—No train before the evening, till when, with Christian patience, I must still be Jew. Then, to "fried chicken" Covington run down, there spend the night, and, for I know her Uncle is not here, in proper burnish reappear next morn, to try the best or worse. (*Exit.*)

Enter Major.

Major. I could'nt pause here, on returning with Miss Stockton. No need, good Thornton, of thy aid. My giant is no more! And worse, lies disemboweled of its treasure. (*Picks up remains of cylinder.*) The worthless tube is here, its talisman is gone! Success to him before me! He owed me no subscription, and I have no sense of injury to cultivate.—As only one person could secure the bauble, human happiness can't depend upon its discovery, without leaving mankind, at large, in a state of wretchedness. No! if I've missed the assistance of magic, the natural comfort of Hope remains. When one door's shut, says the proverb, another is open. (*Exit.*)

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Outskirts of Lewisburg.*

Enter, with rifles, two Villagers.

1st. Villager. This is the third time, townsman! Are we gitten' indifferent to our firesides? Why, I seen Maggie no longer than yestidy. And there ain't her equal in this Valley.

2d. Villager. And she's been raised on my knee, and yourn, and of every farmer in Greenbrier. She would'nt been left at home, by herself, if her father could have helped it. But hear me, neighbor, what's her wrongs is our wrongs, and our wives' wrongs, and our daughters' wrongs, and our sisters' wrongs. Do I say enough?

1st. Villager. Is he kotched, and bin reckergnized?

2d. Villager. Found up the road, at his mother's, under the bed, and brought back here to jail. He owned up to the sheriff and the Judge, and to the Commonwealth's 'Torney, who, some says, writ down his confession.

1st. Villager. The devil 'ill light a new bonfire, this morning! (*Court house bell rings.*)

2d. Villager. Come! There's the 'sembly! (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II. *Georgia Row, Lawn opposite to.*

Enter Minot, with tray, and Dr. Paddleford, meeting.

Minot. Rinks, rippons, gorsed-guvers, enkagemend-shdoggins!——

Dr. P. This *is* a howdy-do!

Minot. Lofe-carders. lanjeree, invands' bins, duckers, pirtseyes unt all gonweenienzies!

Dr. P. (*Aside.*) In the infant department, there's no occasion for immediate expenditure. No! not just yet! I'll investigate this new-fangled hosiery. But it would'nt do to be caught red-handed, as it were. Blue silk, and decorated, throughout, with white pigeons! (*To Minot.*) I'll take these. Fold up in a giffy! Never mind wrapping! I'm in much haste!

Minot. Vinesd nofeldy een zilk emproitery ! Den Tollar ! (*Hands to Dr. P., who places in inside breast-pocket of coat.*) Lilag zilg lofe-carders der madge, Vife Tollar.

Dr. P. (*Aside.*) Yes ! All engagements stand in need of love-guarders ! (*Examining.*) And these circular protectors, wear, like Medusa, snaky *locks.* In for a penny, in—— (*To Minot.*) These, too ! Money for the whole ! (*Pays, and receiving garters, puts them, unwrapped, in rear pocket of coat.*)

Minot. Sheab ! sheab ! kuf'ner ! Kifen avay ! Kifen avay ! I gids proge der beeces !

Dr. P. (*Aside.*) These unmentionables, with their appurtenances, will represent the wearer, wise as the serpent, harmless as the dove. Mrs. Stockton is both. I can't, at this stage, present them to her. But I'll see she learns I bought them—that I'm up to date—and—and—somewhat ticklish ! (*Exit.*)

Minot. Shushpenters, gollars, gluvs, puddons, gourd-blasders, mousdadge-vags, gissin' gomvords !

Enter Grace and Bertha, pausing as they pass Minot.

Bertha. (*To Grace.*) The moustached "vags" are already abundant !

Grace. And new ones, like Jonah's fruit, or vegetable, spring up, nightly.—In the comforts of osculation, I'll never believe.

Bertha. We'll invest, then, in the "gourd-blasders," if warranted to exterminate.

Minot. Enkagemend-shdoggins, lofe-carders, invands' gonweenienzies——

Grace. (*To Bertha.*) The Jew has no laborer's hands ! Though his prononcé stock, I'd care, if unobserved, to roam.

Bertha. I fear we'll grow inelegant. (*Exeunt Grace and Bertha.*)

Minot. Every arrow has taken fire ! Another day would buy me out. *Moral :* To be successful in business, never be too proper, nor scrupulous ! What passion sight of her did stir ! But, till to-morrow, hold, my heart, to bear me stoutly, then. (*Exit.*)

Enter Major and Harry Paddleford.

Major. 'Tis said the best men in the County lent their aid, and all went on unmasked, in silence and in order.

Enter Stanhope.

I'm just impressing upon Paddleford, the lawlessness and impiety of lynchings!

Stanhope. Sit we, gentlemen. Our humble homes amid the South lie widely separate, and belted round by negro multitudes. The white man plies his daily toil some distance from his dwelling. Within walls that should be their castle, the wife and daughter not always rest secure. But duties draw them thence, now here, nearby, now there, remote. To well patrol these homes and guard their neighboring highways—at public outlay—were, of course, impossible. Industry would be paralized, in shop and field, to raise constabularies.

Harry. Any allegiance without protection? Why is Government created?

Stanhope. That when the law yields to our persons no protection, we may ourselves defend them, is both of human nature and of law itself, the prime deliverance. And of ourselves, herein, our wives and daughters are accounted part.

Major. Yes! And enforced disclosures from the victim wrung at public trial, are but fresh brutalities.

Harry. Juries would always convict. Lynching obviates formalities.

Stanhope. The *Magna Charta* for such monsters, is but *identification*, let sentimental moralist, in distant home, unvisited by fear, vent what remonstrances he may.

Major. Rather, let him, with tongue of flame blister the deed we punish. If Pilgrim blood, within the rural beauty of New England, were daily ruffianed in the clasp of villiany, dire as if hot emerged from hell, how long would the rifles of her Minute Men, rest supine o'er the lintel, or the sword of Bunker Hill sleep in its scabbard?

Stanhope. The Roman, in defense of womanhood, did twice with arms recast his government; the royal line did blot and write the name of consul; broke the fasces of the lictor, the haughty Ten smote down; and, from the Sacred Mount, did Tribunes of the People set, in warder of chaste liberty and unpolluted hearth.

Harry. Let's drown our degradation! Come! A julep! (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Dr. Paddleford and Bradford.

Bradford. Our people are opposed to lynching, but they abhor the crime for which you inflict it. It were uncandid to assert, that we, in your predicament, would, at all times, wait upon conclusions of the law. The conduct of communities is much influenced by their circumstances. No more distressing problem has ever vexed society, than that which now confronts you. One who has freely bled for his country, in three wars, may be expected to be exempt from fear, and to speak without reserve.

Dr. P. Accept, Sir, my salutation to valor, disabled, at seventy-two, on the field of Antietam!—Lynching?—Our minds are made up, Sir. Either a short shrift, or extermination. And what right has the Government to meddle with the business?

Bradford. There exists no power in the United States to prevent, or to punish, lynchings committed within a State, in defiance of the authority thereof, solely by lawless and frenzied individuals.

Dr. P. Certainly not! Of course, not! That's what Mr. Stanhope asserted.

Bradford. This constitutional principle stands absolutely beyond intelligent dispute, and should be universally understood and accepted. We, of the north, may persuade and even inveigh against lynching, as we did against slavery——

Dr. P. Slavery? If there's white man in the South not glad the thing is ended, he never broke bread with me!

Bradford. The sentiment you declare, is confirmed by my observation. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III. *Servants' Dining Room.*

Waiters holding meeting.

1st. Waiter, (*Reuben Jones.*) Mis' Char! I motions we ain't *gwyne* wait no more! White man 'joy hi'self huggin', kissin', dancin', drinkin' en drivin'. Waiter git only twenty dollars fer 'tendin' 'im. What Mars' Linc' 'mancipate us fer?

Voices. It are shameful! We don't b'ar it!

1st. Waiter. Down at "Ole Sweet" en de "Warm," de eater bin gemmunly raise up. Quarter er day ain't nothin' from 'im. Dishere place, de more soup en de betterer de chickin you broughts 'em, de leasen you gits. (*Cheers.*)

Chairman. De Cheer harks de moter! Do he see hi' sponser?

2d. Waiter. Here he stan', Mis' Char! Look at 'im good! (*Applause.*) Sah! we is downtreaded—as high as de sky. What de Constertushun tell us? Whar he mended at? He too cracked en rickedy to hole er ripe watermillion! Twenty dollars, in de Parydise of de mount'ins! En when we's through with money, en dresses, ter all dem maids 'bout de cottages, en de hotel, what's lef' ter 'sport our suff'rin fam'lies? Less carry dishere move, till we draps. (*Cheers.*)

3d. Waiter. Mis' Char! I ol'er 'n any of yer—bin' comin' here 'fore some er yer born —Times done change! White people ain't got de money dey was *brought up on!* But, poor as dem is, der ain't no nigger here don't pick up ten dollars er month ermong 'em. En ef you th'ows 'way what you gits, on wifes what ain't yourn, how you 'spec's 'sport fam'lies? De Comman'mint better fer yer den de Constertushun! We *is* free! En bless de Lord! But der ain't no foolishness 'bout freedom, no more'n 'bout pickin' cott'n, er cuttin' wheat. I ain't j'ine you. (*Exit, amid murmurs of disapproval.*)

Chairman. It are motioned en spokemated, de waiters don't wait.

Voices. (*Numerous.*) Yes! Aye! Never!

Voices. (*A few.*) No!

Chairman. De fablesome done carry, en de meetin' am riz.

4th. Waiter. (*Amid confusion.*) Mis' Char! We ain't 'p'int no Cummitty ter de Manager!

Chairman. Den, de 'Sembly are re-sot!

5th. Waiter. Mis' Char! I nomernates Rube Jones!

1st. Waiter, (*Ruben Jones.*) Mis' Char! We ain't give de Manager no notice! What he do, wid all dis comp'ny on hi' hands? Some nigger git hi' head broke! Let de Char 'liver our 'solves!

Chairman. (*Doubtfully.*) Will de meetin 'scort de Cheer, en promise stan' by 'im?

3rd. Waiter, (*Re-entering.*) Ef you all hab any sense lef,' you gits home quick as you kin. En you better not put on no airs, afterward! Dey done lynch Black Bailey, at Lewisburg, er ready!

1st. Waiter. I thought sump'n gwyne happen, when they say Miss Jea come 'quirin' roun'! (*Chairman leaves seat. Meeting dispersing, precipitately.*)

2nd. Waiter. (*Above uproar.*) I calls on all ter 'member, 'twan't me what git up dis meetin,' en I never 'proved sich measly, low-down, 'solves, nohow! (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE IV. *Paradise Row, in front of.*

Enter Major and Stanhope.

Major. The Jew's the hero of the hour, and so to be deserves.

Stanhope. What of the accident chanced it, yourself did witness, Sir?

Major. Only what happened when from Kanawha Turnpike turned the team into the road which fronts Virginia Row, and when, again, it neared the Upper Music Stand. Between those points, the Row obscured my view, though what occurred seems plain.

Stanhope. The Eastern freight, 'tis said, alarmed the horses, at the turn.

Major. 'Tis, doubtless, true. The whistle I myself did hear.

Stanhope. And near the Stand, the Jew did check their course?

Major. Simpson had wholly lost control, and in mad flight his team, rounding the curve, had, in an instant, dashed into the Stand, when, quick as bolt from sky, outshot the Jew, and, weighting to the near horse, on the bit, in arc swift hurled the span, and to earth as deftly flung them, as ever wrestler in Palæstra thumped his foe. I had been sworn that east of Texas, no man save Armistead Minot had this trick.

Stanhope. Let Christian, hence, ne'er scoff at Hebrew! How further managed he, I pray?

Major. Alone, ere panting aid arrived, down held he, as in lion grip, his prey, till Simpson and his wife, unharmed, alighted, then loosed his hold, when up the team arose, and, rushing on, spokes, fellies, dashboard, pole and all, in ruin strewed.

Stanhope. The issue trod near miracle, indeed. Not much below the Stand, Miss Joinville, it is said, did saunter, unattended.

Major. And I am told, the Jew, ere that his deed was noised, squared his account, as guest, and, all unnoticed, disappeared.

Stanhope. This pins a further feather in his cap! A humble, brave and modest man, that shrank from praise. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Lefroy and Bertha, meeting.

Lefroy. Faint am I of breath, in hastening first to find you, next to express my joy.

Bertha. Thanks! thanks! In truth, I drew no nearer peril, than enforced spectator, weak of nerve, might feel to stand.

Lefroy. 'Tis pity that no gentleman was by, to lend his aid. Now, for this hostler's part, so simple, safe and void of knack, an unkempt, peddling Jew, is rated 'mongst the Gods!

Bertha. (*Aside.*) The tongue of envy! (*To Lefroy.*) Not better knowing, it would seem, I had conceived his deed most valliant, cool and worthy praise. And to escape this last, they say, he vanished suddenly.

Lefroy. From me he disappeared with twice five dollars, value unreturned. With what from others, we must later learn.

Bertha. (*Aside.*) O! that my sex forbids me take this evil speaker by the throat! (*To Lefroy.*) Engage me, Sir, when next you meet this Jew, that he shall instant render up such sum as now thou claimest.

Lefroy. I pledge thee so, and more, that, if thou wilt, as he has beat me out of cash, recovering that, I'll beat him out of breath.

Bertha. (*Aside.*) Now, art thou Julius—Cæsar! Would I might view thee, then! (*To Lefroy.*) Such penalty, I fear, may scarce be laid by maidenhood; but men there are, perchance, might deem it not unequal to your wrongs. Thanks for your interest in my safety. (*Exit.*)

Lefroy. I think I have done the Jew; and she wants me to get back my money; though she won't conspire with me, of course, for his chastisement. I didn't charge him with stealing it, nor with obtaining it as a loan; only with returning no value for it,—the truth, chemically pure. Yes! and I am convinced he was huckstering, last night, with that Amazon, not in my interest, but at my expense, and for his own ignominious purposes. (*Exit.*)

SCENE V. *Lover's Leap.*

Enter Harry Paddleford.

Harry. Strange infatuation! She likes me. Warns me. Loves not. 'Tis gospel, all. This path I'll tread. Then? I care not where. (*Exit.*)

Enter Dr. Paddleford and Mrs. Stockton.

Dr. P. Robbed of such presence by unfilial hand, let me, at length, attest my passion's flame.

Mrs. S. I to your son have long stood friend, a term, with me, of note. In that same rank I'll list your name, but cannot love you, Doctor.

Dr P. Still let me sue, till pity come, on gentle wing, to plead my cause with tears.

Mrs. S. Good Sir, desist. The scene is out of place. Such wonder-laden warmth must be observed.

Dr. P. Observed?—Though nations listened to my vows, I'd on! (*Removes hat, and, withdrawing from rear pocket of coat, red bandanna, kneels thereon, the lilac silk Garters escaping, unperceived, to the ground.*) O! ravishing dream! Transporting loveliness! Fair empress of the skies——

Re-enter Harry Paddleford.

Harry. (*Aside.*) Highly interesting! Sorry to intrude. (*Advancing,*) Howdy, father! Mrs. Stockton, howdy!

Dr. P. (*Rising, enraged, seizes hat and handkerchief.*) Why, you unmannerly, spying, interfering——Harry, we were just. you known——Yes, that's it!—That's what we were doing. The very thing! Nothing else, my son. (*Aside.*) Hang the fellow! He has sent me wool-gathering! I'm all at sea!—Harry, Harry, we are to have amateur theatricals—*tableaux vivantes*—in the ball-room, on Saturday. Practice, eh? Practice, Harry? Ha! Ha! Ha!

Mrs. S. (*To Harry.*) Ah! Mr. Paddleford, the Doctor, sure, has more than one vocation!

Harry. Father's most versatile. Inherits dramatic genius. Renders fiction reality. (*Aside to Mrs. S. and pointing, slyly, to escaped garters. Scene: Ophelia's closet. Enter Hamlet ungarter'd.*)

Mrs. S. (*Observing, Aside to Harry.*) Enough! Enough! Another glance were merriment convulsive! (*To Doctor.*) We have, I fear, o'erstaid the while. How glide the moments, Doctor, when pleasure lends them wings!

Dr. P. (*Aside.*) Flowed gracious speech from such sweet portal ever! (*To Mrs. S.*) I best can answer, who now feel it most. (*Exeunt.*)

Stanhope and Bertha, latter sketching.

Bertha. I fear my pencil is unsteady!

Stanhope. (*Aside.*) 'Tis, then that Sulphur Water! Believe it not, Miss Joinville! Sunlight and shadow live upon the page.

Enter Lefroy and Grace, who, not perceiving others, sit nearby.

Grace. You must know, Mr. Lefroy, I viewed you but as friend, e'en when you made me daily vows of love that was eternal. Now that your attentions to another are so public and unconstrained, persistency offends me.

Stanhope. (*Aside*) More Sulphur Water! (*To Bertha.*) We had best retire, Miss Joinville!

Bertha. Ha! ha! No! No!—'Tis Heaven not purpose sends us here.

Stanhope. I do submit, but nothing must I further learn. Some little distance, with your kindly leave. (*Removes, while Bertha continues sketching.*)

Lefroy. (*Aside.*) My second impeachment! (*To Grace.*) Of what attentions would Miss Stockton hint?

Grace. Of none that raise you in her estimation You force me to be plain. I had not willingly supposed that, while sighing, without hope, to me, you were wooing Miss Joinville, not beyond encouragement.

Lefroy. (*Aside.*) Yes! she saw me! I knew it! If I can't get up some emotions, I'm gone, for a certainty. (*To Grace.*) Miss—Stockton—you know—that—for years—I—have—wor—shipped—at the—shrine—of—your—love—li—ness. Con—se—crated—the—

ground—you trod. Lived—only—in—your presence. That you did not—return my vir—virgin—bound—ing—fresh—affection—never—chilled—its—constancy. I—never—loved—could—love—but—you.

Grace. Have you not vowed this same, to Bertha Joinville?

Lefroy. I can deny, I think—she ever so reported. Since here, 'tis true, in open view and unconcealed, my lips once touched her hand. Think you 'twas amatory contact? Love stalks not thus notorious, and courtship true, disowns such public rites. You only I adore.

Bertha. (*Motioning to Stanhope, who advances.*) Come, Mr. Stanhope, my sketch is finished, and we homeward turn.

Stanhope. At once! (*Aside*) This thing may prove contagious! 'Tis all in this Sulphur Water! (*To Bertha.*) I lead the way. Miss Joinville, your portfolio, pray. (*Stanhope and Bertha proceed toward Lefroy and Grace.*)

Grace. (*To Lefroy.*) That hand you never asked? Were still familiar with it? And now——

Bertha. (*To Lefroy and Grace, who rise.*) And are you not returning too? In truth, of such a bower one scarce can take a willing leave.

Lefroy. (*Aside.*) Their appearance is providential! I couldn't have parried much longer! (*To Bertha.*) If thus it please Miss Stockton.

Grace. (*To Bertha.*) 'Twere best, I think. Let us not linger till we turn to laurels. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE VI. *Colonade Row.*

Enter Bertha, with Portfolio, and Major Harding, meeting.

Major. In happy hour, Miss Joinville! The artist and her art.

Bertha. O! my portfolio! The light serves not to scan it now! Pray, take it with you!

Major. Thanks add to thanks! I will restore it, copied in my thoughts.

Bertha. Where have you wandered, roamed or flown, to have escaped us thus?

Major. Just from a drive to "Beauregard," with General Malcolm. The air was sweet. Slight vestige of the storm.

Bertha. His daughter, Maud, and that young Acton here, are sure engaged, 'tis said.

Major. The undertow, Miss Joinville, I mark, is frightful, on this strand.

Bertha. Ha! Ha! Life-lines abound! But till the ball, adieu! (*Exeunt, severally.*)

Enter Dr. Paddleford.

Dr. P. My own offspring is still my evil genius! Sons, daughters, yes! neices, nephews and cousins, too, they blast existence! Reward you, invariably, with ingratitude, and with cruelty, as far as lies in their ingenious power. Had I been consulted upon the subject, I should have declined, courteously, but firmly, yes! unalterably, to be born at all. I have certainly derived no advantage from the gift of existence. No! none whatever! But to require me to step into a field of being, populous, swarming, overrun with relations, was the acme of parental tyranny and injustice. My youthful mind was, of course, prejudiced and corrupted in favor of the family circle, when I was compelled to grow up within it. Yes! If it had'nt been for such my early and demoralizing surroundings, that unthankful boy had remained in the same state of nothingness in this world, to which he'll be consumed in the next. Why did'nt he remain with his *polly-vous and kesker—sais?* Before his appearance, all was tranquil, delightful, inspiring. And now the devil is turned up Jack! (*Exit.*)

Enter Lefroy.

Lefroy. Miss Stockton something worse suspects. I wonder what she's heard. I must be more on my guard. Considerably! These Southerners are not to be trusted. Not a moment. They stand like armed tulelaries, over the state of womanhood Yes! Keep with flaming swords, the Eden she inhabits. Why, they'll take up for a female, when they don't know her! Well, my Aunt is wife to a cotton-broker in Charleston. But, I'm glad to say, I'm foreign born, unnaturalized, and without domicile here.—I have no sympathy with their fiery, barbarous and death-dealing practices!

I dwell in a higher society—breathe a more refined and refining atmosphere.—I think I'd better stick to Miss Joinville.—I made up my mind to do so, when I reached here. Yes! firmly. But untoward circumstances crossed my purposes. I'll resolve, anew. It's certainly disappointing, that I can't have both! It's nothing more than my due. But I'm determined otherwise. Yes! the situation requires it. (*Exit.*)

SCENE VII. *Hotel Parlor.*

Enter Mrs. Stockton and Grace.

Grace. The parlor is our own! The smile that won—the well-bred jest—the laugh that echoed back itself—the hum of honey-laden speech is fled. Here let us sip the quiet.

Mrs. S. Dispel it, rather!—Feed me, dear Grace, something of sweetness from thy fount of song. Our summer finds the lyre untouched, unstrung.

Enter Stanhope.

Grace. (*Approaching Piano, to Stanhope.*) Mamma, Sir! makes me vocal. What like you, Mr. Stanhope, jocund, or grave? sad, or gay? L'Allegro, Penseroso?

Stanhope. (*Bowing.*) Refrains too joyous sweep our hearts already. (*Aside.*) 'Tis all in this Sulphur Water!—Streak not with fire, the stubble that we tread. Warble, I beg, some neutralizing strain, some sober, serious note to temper rapture, soften liveliness.

Grace. This draught of melancholy then be thine:

The fairest dream that Hope could start,
With thee is fondly flown,
And hush'd the music of that heart
Which beat but with thine own.

I might not guess, as year by year
I watch'd thy rip'ning bloom,
My bosom twin'd each tendril dear,
An ivy o'er the tomb.

Where spread the fragrant chaplet rare,
The cypress' shade hath stole,
And naught, alas! but chill despair,
Keeps vigil in my soul.

Ha! Ha! Ha! (*To Stanhope.*) No more! This taste of sadness must suffice us, now. When I'm more sorrowful, I further may oblige (*Bowing*) you both.

Mrs. S. This "fee-grief" strain our spirits hangs in mourning. 'Twould cool, methinks, the step of Faunus, break Bacchus' glass and stop the reeds of Pan.

Stanhope. It speaks in mournful numbers. Such as from breast so joyous, glad and gay, I never thought might flow. (*Aside.*) It is this Sulphur Water, reneged upon itself! (*To Ladies.*) Alone I'll list them soothing still the ear. My thanks, dear lady, with them, (*Bowing to both,*) my adieu. (*Exit.*)

Mrs. S. Go we to the Spring. Ha! Ha! Its sparkling glass may stir the pulse of cheerfulness.

Grace. Ha! Ha! I never was less solemn. What note I loose, in gift to air, the thought floats ever with it.

Mrs. S. Yet stay! A faint remembrance. That dirge! Sure, not your Reverend Tucker's loving, last lament?

Grace. E'en so! But, since those salad days, in rhyme and reason, he has better wrought. And, doubly profited, is now Bishop lawned.

Mrs. S. My thoughtless Grace! To learn so weak a ditty, and yet refuse so good a man! (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE VIII. *White Sulphur Spring.*

Enter Mrs. Stockton and Grace, met by Harry Paddleford and Major.

Major. Howdy! yes! twice! (*To Mrs. S.*) Rehearsal ended? (*Helps ladies to water.*)

Mrs. S. Ha! Ha! Ha! Quite over! Grace, mind us not, my dear.

Grace. Well, then, Mamma, with such fair leave, we'll on!

Major. Yes, fairy, and mark sweet violet, pansy, evening primrose spring, where'er thy step shall touch. (*Exeunt Major and Grace.*)

Mrs. S. Ha! Ha! Ha! 'Twas sin to mar entreaty so impassioned, emotion so dramatic! The Doctor treads a star.

Harry. He'll vary character. The sock for you. The buskin me. (*Drinking, bows.*)

Mrs. S. Nay, nay! No tragedy. Melponene must sheathe the Doctor's sword. You are my victim yet. Thy wounds must come from me.

Harry. A victim, yes! But, beautiful, not yours. I immolate myself.—And wilfully

Mrs. S. Ah! Harry, say not so. I should restore you to your former self. Bring back the rose to pallid cheek. Plant sparkle in those wearied eyes. Smoothe those deep furrows from the brow of care. And with glad music of triumphal march, lead thy scarred heart, like laurel'd conqueror, to feast with mine.

Harry. Should? Yes! But cannot. Here nature rules. Duty her helot only.

Mrs. S. To strive were vain. Yet, Harry, dared I love you but one day, we'd alter sadness and exchange our fate. You, with swift sail, would fan the distant wave. And I, poor Carthage queen, should light the funeral pyre.

Harry. It is most true! Yet, you to suffer? No! No! To you I'm tenderness! Fondness self-astounding. Elsewhere, pure heartlessness. You suffer? And by me? Ah! no! Live painlessly, my queen. Die as the swan.

Mrs. S. Ah! Harry, were you ever reasonable! To judgment open, and to fate submissive!—But let us, pray, proceed. The tortoise and the hare shall meet, when Grace and I encounter. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE IX. *Lawn, opposite Florida Row.*

Major and Grace, seated.

Major. Gray evening climbs the mountains, but halts as loth to break yon silver fringe that hangs upon their summit.

Grace. Methinks the pilgrimage but sad.

Major. Soft twilight, ever prized, but loved not until now.

Grace. Some fancy strange beguiles, 'tis sure, your choice.

Major. The hour itself is holy. Sweet silence reigns. And nature bends in prayer, ere yet the tapers of the sky do light her sober couch.

Grace. Ha! Ha! You have become a moralist. I scarce had thought——

Major. (*Interrupting.*) 'Tis holier, now. My heart, in pious awe, kneels in communion, love, with yours.

Grace. It then, Sir! well may rise! We worship not together.

Major. You like not dark, nor shade? Know then, that Love, though blind itself, reflects all hues—takes tincture from the sea, the air, the sky—the russet morn as well as evening gray.

Grace. And changes with them all! Man and chamelion, save in food, are brothers, I am sure.

Major. Ah! no! The tints I'd own, are fixed with pigment dipped in Heaven—gold, ruby, rose and pearl—and colors nature from her glad ærial bow distils, to paint thee loveliest, first, uncopied in her art.

Grace. Sir! you forget. Urge not forbearance to resent the just offense it feels.

Major. Ah! none could tempt you break your being's law! To plant a thorn where mildness grew, would turn it to my bosom.

Grace. You bear no yoke, I think, in much provoking others.

Major. My burden is from loving. (*Pressing heart.*) Here hope and doubt cross and recross their lines, till joy starve in the lattice.

Grace. The lines of hope you sure misread.

Major. Then teach me, sweet, to know them. My patience, love, obedience, try. Bid me bring back the golden apples of the West, the Colchian fleece, the polar beam that props the frozen North. I'll lay them at your feet to sigh, how slight, how brief, the errand.

Grace. To such obedience I can lay no claim. Nor shall I challenge service.

Major. Take me, then, love, and own all claim and service.

Grace. You'd voyage soon, I'm sure.

Major. No! No! The Island of the Blest were reached. Its spotless sky and breath of May should be forever mine.

Grace. End, Sir! I beg, this o'erwrought strain! Gather some store, if slight, of simpler, more congenial, thought, ere that we meet again. (*Exit.*)

Major. Fond love, till then! (*Exit.*)

SCENE X. *Hotel Porch—Music heard.*

Enter Lefroy and Bertha.

Lefroy. And not one waltz, Miss Joinville?

Bertha. What voluptious music! What queenly forms! What exquisite toilettes! How inspiring the whole!

Lefroy. Yes! Bertha, and over all Love sheds its genial warmth. Can you feel in such presence no answering throb for me? My heart is at your feet. O! make it glad, forever!

Bertha. Constancy—Mr.—Lefroy—has strong claims to reward. You should have earlier asked. How unhappy our situation! My card, behold, contains no blank. You would not have me an engagement break, and on us both let loose, I know not what, resentment?—Hark! The next number is begun. Let us haste! (*Exit.*)

Enter Stanhope and Bradford.

Stanhope. Sir, I think so! It has been a brilliant rout.

Bradford. Would I might warm, as once I could, to charms of beauty, youth, wit, grace, and strains of melody, like these! Age brings no blessings, Sir, like those it takes away. And so, my duty to the occasion paid, to you and it, I ll say good night! (*Exit.*)

Enter Dr. Paddleford.

Dr. P. Not dancing, Mr. Stanhope? You wrong yourself,—you wrong the smiles that wait to welcome you.

Stanhope. Good Sir and friend, I own no fondness for such pastime. I never drink the water! I have been chatting here and there with friends who watch the revelry.

Dr. P. Nothing have I observed of Mrs Stockton. She scarce so early has retired.

Stanhope. An hour since, she formed with Mrs. Hamilton and others, a group as classic as the ball-room matched. You'll be about. I shall report her if I further find. (*Exit.*)

Dr. P. No! No! She has not left for the evening. She would remain while her daughter was on the floor. Yet nowhere can I find her. I've scanned the ball-room, The parlor and this porch

I've searched in vain. And Harry! that Harry! I wonder where he is! Egad!—Myself and sagacity, tried companion of my days, seem no longer on terms. Why! it should have occurred to me at once! Yes! Yes! They are this moment seated on her cottage balcony, filling the atmosphere, lading the night, with fond and sentimental exchanges. Yes! rejoicing over my discomfiture, as I roam the earth in quest of their secret shelter. O! I'll after you! I'll interrupt the stolen sweets!—I'll go in a roundabout way. Hold my breath, to make no noise. And dart upon them unawares. That Harry is the coolest, most impudent and ungrateful varlet alive! (*Exit.*)

SCENE XI. *Mrs. Stockton's Cottage—Porch.*

Harry Paddleford and Mrs. Stockton, seated.

Harry. Yes! were you absent! 'Tis different, thus. The dance would weary. You inspire. My soul grows rythmic. Love lends the strain. Pure coldness, join.

Mrs. S. True, but for me, how many fairy steps tonight would glide with thine! 'Tis pity, Harry! Cease to exalt me, thus. Had I a heart, with right of disposition, 'twere yours, I vow, as free as grace to man.

Harry. Come! Play the voyager! That heart explore. Brave its snow. Its ices penetrate. Find its unfrozen ocean. Such it should have.

Mrs. S. Alas! there's none. Perpetual frost reigns 'neath its arctic sky. (*Aside.*) Some warning accent seems to fall upon mine ear! (*To Harry.*) You must remain content.

Harry. Content with No? Are lovers thus? In Heaven, perhaps! Not here below.

Mrs. S. Cheer up! nor make me sadder than thyself. We must to Grace! There rein the moments here so quickly sped.

Harry. Sweet spot! good night. (*Exeunt, together.*)

Enter Dr. Paddleford.

Dr. P. (*Peering, cautiously*) I see nothing of them. Perhaps, they see me. (*Coughs.*) Hem!—Hem!—I say!—No answer? Sure-

ly, they're not within! There's no light visible. I'll knock, anyhow! (*Knocks.*) No answer yet?—Where the devil are they? That Harry ought to be hung, drawn and quartered, alive. He imbibed none of his propensities from me. Had he but copied my discreet, amiable and retiring example, he were, today, the salt of earth. He can't have persuaded that confiding, innocent, unsophisticated, creature to walk down to the Spring, or to sit under the trees, at this midnight hour! No! No! Artless and unsuspecting as she is, she would not have consented. 'Twould scandalize the place! I'll move once more towards the din of merriment. (*Exit.*)

SCENE XII. *Hotel Porch—"Dark Corner"—Music heard.*

Enter Major and Grace, hurriedly.

Major. Darling, share this seat! What think you of me as a partner, now?

Grace. To say you dance well, does you justice.

Major. I speak not of waltzing, precious! As partner for life, I mean.

Grace. I could think of you, thus, only to reject you.—We do not suit each other.

Major. Speak for thyself alone. The antipathies I feel, I can with ease avow. And if I suit not you, you still suit me. But side by side we grow.

Grace. I know not what you would convey by this.

Major. Excitement, pleasure, are your fountain, current, life. It is not thus?

Grace. Too much, I must confess.

Major. Before I met you, such, in part, were mine. Thou hast become my only life. Darling, marry me! I wish you as my helpmate. And I must have you. (*Encircling her form.*)

Grace. (*Disengaging herself.*) Major Harding! I must rebuke your insolence. To conduct thus unmannerly, I've yet to grow accustomed.

Major. Well, I repress my haste for wedlock, and, at present, beg you for sweetheart, only. Will you love me, darling?

Grace. You do not please me, Sir; nor ever will!

Major. Soft you, my love! Are you so sure of that?

Grace. I like, I own, your dancing. I know of nothing else—particularly. (*Listening.*) The last waltz, and 'tis ours.

Major. I had as soon, almost, remain. (*Snatching a kiss.*) But since you like me in the dance, there will I prove your fondness. (*Exeunt, rapidly.*)

Enter Stanhope and Doctor Paddleford.

Stanhope. Ah! Doctor Paddleford! You found, of course, our handsome friend!

Dr. P. Not yet—I have been absent. Yes! Away.—Somewhat!

Stanhope. It is but now, I saw her promenading, on the north side of the Porch, Sir.

Dr. P. Thanks! Thanks! I—I—My sight is not so good! I'll step into the swim. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Harry Paddleford and Mrs. Stockton.

Harry. The evening closes! Father now raves. Here will he stumble.—And find but you! To Miss Joinville, I! (*Exit.*)

Mrs. S. I do dare venture he has cruised creation! Ha! Ha! Ha! Sire and son my warring satelites! Were now——

Enter Dr. Paddleford.

Dr. P. Ever in search of you, dear Madam! Visiting vacuity. Exploring emptiness. While precious hours—but, father to the thought,—where is that Harry?

Mrs. S. He left me for a mark more shining. He now attends the beautiful Miss Joinville.

Dr. P. (*Aside.*) I trust he'll never leave her! Divine perfection, unpaired excellence, let me invoke you to recall my fate. Unspeak the sentence that thus wrecks the bark, so lately ventured upon passion's deep.

Mrs. S. I much respect you, Doctor. And were I free to choose—I shall not own what I might say to honor so beguiling.

Dr. P. Free, Madam? Who shall control your will? If that unholy, smickering boy has dared——

Mrs. S. Good Doctor, No! You do him wrong. It is not that.

Dr. P. He shall pack, forthwith, to Calcutta, and there, within a twelve month, marry a native, or I'll lock my purse to him while I live, and leave him a fly-blister when I die.

Mrs. S. I see you will not cure one error! Mend, I pray, the other. I cannot encourage you.

Dr. P. You must, rare loveliness! I seek your hand! Remain no longer widowed!

Mrs. S. (*Affecting surprise.*) What is't you speak? Reflect! My husband lives—as truly as myself or you!

Dr. P. (*Enraged.*) Not a widow! Your husband alive! Then, I'll recover damages against him! Not a widow! Why?—why? yes! why in—lend me an imprecation—Madam!—why didn't you say so, in the beginning? Escaped your memory! Overlooked the circumstance! Didn't think to think about it! Remembered to forget it! Oh! no! You were, of course,——

Mrs. S. Might I not justly judge he knew my state, who cared not once to ask it?

Dr. P. Oh! I'm the serpent, am I? Consciously, with fell design, with purpose black as sin! I'd entice you to felony! Make you a bigamist! And be myself twin husband to a wife of halves! Oh! Oh! (*Exit.*)

Mrs. S. This robs all comedy of humor! And yet, I do repent me! I should not thus have acted! (*Exit.*)

Enter Harry Paddleford and Bertha.

Bertha. All is over! Thanks! Mr. Paddleford! This wrap?

Harry. Yes, after dancing—A grand affair—You enjoyed it?

Bertha. How much I have not words to tell! I'm sorry you were writ deserter. How happened it?

Harry. Enough without me—I'm never missed—Often, not wanted.

Bertha. You're much too modest. You have many friends. (*Pausing.*) Some grow in soil untill'd.

Harry. You flatter me. But the Stocktons' retire. Do not remain. The air is chill. 'Tis very damp.

Bertha. Thanks, for such prudence! I obey. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Stanhope.

Stanhope. Yes, I must attend that wassail They expect me, and, rashly, I have partly pledged my word.—What a crush it has been! Two hundred couples in motion. The old maids and wall-flowers as *décolletées* as the rest! Manœuvering mothers lying in wait for partners to their daughters, like painted savages in the cane-brake.—'Tis all in this Sulphur Water!—I had not intended to enter the ball-room, at all! Scarce was I past the parlor, when, lo! at the foot of the stairs, stood Mrs. Finecut, resolution on her lips, defiance in her eye. Without salutation, without ceremony, in a moment,—a twinkling, before I could catch my breath, I was drag'd, hurl'd, shot, fired, into assembled elegance, with ungloved hands, my indignant bandanna flying a signal of distress from the after pocket of my dress coat! I hardly know how I liberty regained. But, 'tis all in this Sulphur Water! 'Tis Circe's potion! Not that dark root, with whitened bloom, which Hermes to Odusseus gave, could disinfect the draught! (*Exit.*)

SCENE XIII. *Mrs. Stockton's Cottage—Apartment of Grace.*

To Grace, en déshabille, enter Bertha, en déshabille, with Shawl thrown round her.

Grace. Dear, my Bertha, I have awaited you.

Bertha. I feared to dare that passage—that bridge of Lodi—until now. (*Removes shawl and examines flowers on stand.*) How lovely! Yet 'tis late.

Grace. To gain repose first must we sink our spirits to its level! Dear, sit we here. (*They sit on bed.*)

Bertha. Sure, an adventurous evening! Ten times at least I've outright been addressed!

Grace. And I as many! Men seem moonstruck! And not a few, barbaric!

Bertha. And that cool Lefroy! Methinks——

Grace. Your own true love, and drop of constancy in all this giddy sea!

Bertha. You marked, I saw, he kissed my hand. I overheard you both at Lover's Leap! All then he swore to you, he had already vowed to me. It has been palpable you like him not. I have encouraged but to punish him!

Grace. Poor purblind I! Bertha! forgive me! I'll never thus offend fair sense again.

Bertha. Ha! Ha! You overpraise the actress.

Grace. His assurance should be knighted! The friendship of neither of us would suffice. He must hold both our hearts, in property. Know you he has discovered that we mark his play?

Bertha. Of that I'm sure. I pray we find good means further to humble him.

Grace. But is there no one here you might affect?

Bertha. Well, of men assembled here, I like most Mr. Paddleford. Why, I know not—except that I have seen him less.

Grace. O! ill-star'd maid! He dies each moment for mamma.

Bertha. And she——

Grace. Bids him remain her plaything, friend, but know she has no heart.

Bertha. And he——

Grace. Vows, when she has, he'll love no more. They both speak strictly true.

Bertha. 'Tis passing strange! Yet that, by rumor, he possessed no heart, I fancied was attractive.

Grace. If he grow, Bertha, to your liking, mamma 'll transplant him, and retain the parent trunk.

Bertha. The Doctor? Oh! naughty, grasping, sly mamma! He thinks her, then, a widow.

Grace. And has, on bended knee, addressed her.

Bertha. Ha! Ha! When she accepts the sire,—let us not jest, as if unminding what alone could bring to pass that *when!* But, now, your preference.

Grace. O! it's legions!—depending on my humor. Yet, I rather think, 'tis Major Harding. He dances best, is handsome,—and a wretch. The most respectfully disrespectful—the most politely impolite—the most decorously indecorous of men.

Bertha. Shows he, thus? With such propriety in license—or license in propriety—I'd not have taxed him.

Grace. And he's as smart as awful. He reads you while your thoughts are forming! And such a flirt! Particulars become embarrassing!

Bertha. Ah! Grace, our choice, as yet, is of the fare they serve us. When we shall market for ourselves——

From adjoining Room, enter Mrs. Stockton, en déshabille.

Mrs. S. Come, dears! Your confidences are exchanged, o'erfought the evening field. Good night, fair Bertha Grace, good night! And list to know she reach safe harbor! (*Exeunt omnes.*)

SCENE XIV. *Broadway Building, No. 310.*

Stanhope, asleep. Enter Major, slightly tipsy, bearing candle.

Major. (*Placing candle on dresser.*) Must have been last dance, makes my head swim so. She's a daisy! There was some terrapin—salad—I don't know! And that immense ace spot! It's all a dream. (*Withdrawing from trouser-pocket, large roll of money.*) Here's hundreds! Can't count, now,—count tomorrow. (*Throws roll on dresser.*) Too tired! Wonder where—I—got it! Hope, made honestly. (*Removing coat, collar and necktie, looks in glass.*) How much good looks become a man! (*Moving forward.*) Can walk straight enough! Pronounce "*Shtar Shpang' Ban'*," all right. Which of these beds is mine? (*Reaches and Addresses Stanhope.*) How are you? old L. M. J.—M. J L.?

Stanhope. (*Awakening, starts up in bed dazed, and attired in night cap and night gown, Aside.*) I've been dreaming of robbery and assassination. But this is no vision. Would I were weaponed!

Major. I say, old consonants, old J. M. L.—why can't you be social and affable—like I am?

Stanhope. (*Springing from bed, and advancing in hostile attitude.*) Hold! you murderous and ungallowsed thief——

Major. (*Deprecatingly.*) Look here, old petticoats—old nightgown—What's got into you, anyway?

Stanhope. Until I fit you for an inquest. (*Each, awkwardly rolling his fists round, advances upon the other.*)

Enter Jim.

Jim. (*Hastily interposing between combatants.*) Stan' off, boss! Clar de groun,' boss!—Fer de Lawd's sake! Nothin' ain't wrong, 'ceptin' yerselfs. (*To Stanhope.*) Dishere gemmun, (*Indicating Major,*) ain't stay here las' night, an' he jus' come from supper on de Hill. De buttermilk bin churn' too strong fer 'im. He done took you fer Mass' 'Froy, what move outen here when you comes in. (*To Major.*) Dishere gemmun, (*Indicating Stanhope,*) bin nausead by de dew, an' mighty poorly when he go ter bed Reck'n he sleep res'less an' oneasy, Major, an' come sort er 'fused an' dazed, when you wakes 'im. But Miss' Stanup, boss, one our oldes' an' mos' 'spected pat'ons. Now, you two git ter res'! De day done broke! (*Exit.*)

Major. (*Aside.*) Mr. Stanhope! I'm sobered by the name. (*To Stanhope.*) I do confess, with shame, this servant has too well explained my conduct and its causes. Let us remember them only while I entreat and receive your forgiveness

Stanhope. (*Aside.*) Offered a somewhat diplomatic solution of my own, too! (*To Major.*) I freely do absolve you, Sir! and crave your pardon and your silence, in return. 'Twas all in this Sulphur Water! All in the Water. (*Curtain.*)

End of Act III.

ACT IV.

Scene I. *Virginia Row, Walk in front of.*

Enter Dr. Paddleford.

Dr. P. Her husband alive? Yes, and, were he here, inclined to kicking, too!—But she's in the right. The fault was mine. Why didn't I inquire? There's a tongue in my head. Yes! and a lively organ it often is. She thought I knew as well as others.—I don't mind Harry! He's dull of apprehension—always was. But the whole affair will be out, before dinner. Nothing, at this place,

remains secret That old maid, Miss Spindleshanks, heard a peal of thunder, and swallowed an orange seed. Gossip and exaggeration have assigned her a condition which, if possible at her age, would be fatal. Mrs. Muttonchop exhibits a small acuminated elevation of the cuticle, upon the thorax. Everybody is asking what in old scratch it can mean.—Now I can endure many things.—In fact, I believe,— yes, I'm quite certain — I have already suffered most things. But I can't, and I won't, stand ridicule! No! I shall leave by the earliest opportunity. (*Exit.*)

Enter Harry Paddleford and Lefroy, meeting.

Harry. Well, Lefroy!—Things are, how?

Lefroy. Mixed, tangled, twisted out of shape! Never in such a box in my life, Paddleford! No, never!

Harry. Bad! Need my assistance?

Lefroy. Above all else. You are familiar with the world—cool—experienced—trained in resources. For two years, Paddleford, I have been most foolishly—yes, I'm afraid, dishonorably——

Harry. An amorous Janus! A double-faced Valentine!

Lefroy. Yes!—Addressing two girls at the same time.

Harry. O! That all? Nothing original.—Done daily.

Lefroy. How could I dream they would ever meet? They were so far apart, I felt confident, Paddleford——

Harry. But they did meet?—They always do.

Lefroy. Yes! Here are they at this very place. One loves me wildly. The other, for her sake Heaven be thanked, does not.

Harry. Softly! Pure mistake! Neither cares anything.

Lefroy. Listen, Paddleford!—You know nothing about it, nothing whatever! Now each has detected my relations with the other. Both are furious. I feel so uncomfortable and alarmed——

Harry. Detection always embarrassing. The offense is imaginary.

Lefroy. I'm engaged to be married, you know, in December.—I don't say, it will certainly come off! Day before yesterday came a letter from my fiancée, but I lost it, Paddleford, lost it, opened, somewhere on the grounds. And last night, it turns up on my dresser, enclosed in a Stockton envelope. It was read, of course, and everything's discovered.

Harry. (*Hotly.*) Was read? Perused by them? Retract that, instantly! Swallow! or by——

Lefroy. On my knees, Paddleford! Don't think me meaner than I am! How unworthy my suspicion!

Harry. You never felt it!—Nervous ebullition!—The incident is closed.

Lefroy. But neither of them would dance with me last night. And only this morning, coming from the bath, Paddleford, I overheard their cottage maid say to old Burwell, *my time was mighty near.* What do you suppose she meant, Paddleford? If one of their friends would only challenge and kill me before midday, I'd thank him forever.

Harry. Where?—Perhaps he may!—Enraged, say you? Not Miss Joinville! Miss Stockton, No!

Lefroy. Why Paddleford! Paddleford! You've ascertained everything! Do, then, advise me, quickly.

Harry. Yes! Before you began! Advice: Silence.—Leave things to me. We'll see what's best.

Lefroy. (*Embracing.*) How can I forget—how express—my gratitude! O! Paddleford, you lift Kate's Mountain from my heart. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II. *Prospect Hill, Grove in, back of Tansus Row.*

Grace and Bertha, seated.

Grace. Heigh! Ho!

Bertha. Grace you are but sad. Cheer up. Last night reacts upon us. Heigh! Ho!

Grace. (*Mournfully.*) I know not, dear. I am not joyous—— That I feel too well.

Bertha. Then will I trip the world to gather honey for thy cup. I fear you are in love.

Grace. No, I am sure. That is, at least, I hope not. Yet——

Bertha. Our thoughts are more than kin. You muse of one—and I the other.

Grace. I thank thee for such aid. Yes! I do like Major Harding, above what I had thought. In love I've said, or hoped, I was not. Yet, (*Pressing heart,*) there's discomfort here! Uneasiness—

vague something—such as till now I never knew. Heigh! Ho! Would we were hence!

Bertha. So wish I, too—I feel myself there's that that I do lack. But whether what I had or saw, what wish or hope, I cannot reason out. Heigh! Ho! Once from this place——

Grace. I've ever taught my heart obedience—watched, as if some pleasing toy within my hand, its prompt and equal stroke. A random throb, I thought impossible.

Bertha. Mine, as a steed of gentle blood, to nicest touch I've trained, and gaited to my will. I must not fear the rein, or sound of patted neck, unanswered yet.

Grace. The camp of likelihood may still be ours, but Bertha, dear, we'll swell the guard. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III. *New Cottages—Lawn fronting.*

Enter Major and Minot, meeting.

Major. Why, Armistead! Army! If I don't rise to my usual effusiveness, dear fellow, it's because my affections are so dreadfully distracted in another direction. How well you seem!

Minot. It's joy, Frank, to hold your hand once more. The warmth and truth of youth, somehow, still linger in our bosoms. Don't suggest that woman, more cruel than war, can come between us.

Major. I won't, and didn't, Army. But whence came you? How long do you remain.

Minot. I'm just from Covington, where I spent the night. Whether I pass one here—depends. I shall not ask you of yourself, who answer in each cheek, but of the place and company.

Major. You perceive, you are already acquainted with the most important character—the head-waiter excepted—but there are minor lights, those of the day as well as of the night, to well reward your tarry. All is bliss, save table and accommodations.

Minot. Food and lodgings, they say, are *gratis.* The charge is for the water.

Major You're right amidst your blood—the disreputable constituents of it, I mean—the rebel corpuscles. Myself and the Paddlefords, of course, are your cousins, and you shall scarce turn

round, without picking up an ancestress or two, with a few grand-uncles, and the like.

Minot. I'll not denounce their rebellion. Had I lived, from birth, at the South, and you, at the North, I'm honest enough to feel, that neither of us, in '61, would probably, have jumped into that uniform which he wore afterwards. But I can't pretend to sympathize with their credulous vanity and spurious traditions about family.—"Pray you, avoid it."—I must renew my acquaintance with the Paddlefords, at once. (*Aside.*) Especially with my customer, the Doctor.—And Harry, that very Broncho in the field erotic, is he still misbehaving? One of my men must some day break him.

Major. On yesterday, we had a runaway, and it recalled the trick you showed me at your ranch. A Jew did here the feat act o'er as handsomely as you might. Would you had seen it!

Minot. (*Aside.*) Humph!—It hurts me to conceal from Frank. And yet I must.—A year has passed since last I visited the tract. But, in the Spring I go, and, mayhap, settle, there. You are to share the journey. What a country in resources! If I remain, then, so must you, and take, if not as bribe, in brother's gift, my deed to half the ranch.

Major. Ever generous Army! thy acres vast still have their bounds, thy heart knows none. Too poor I am to banish hopes that point to seeming, if to distant, good. (*Aside.*) And Grace would have to be consulted.

Minot. You've a large fortune before you, I am certain, in your coal and timber properties. But neither have wings.

Major. To pass them by—I could not find, in crisis such as now, this *bouleversement* in the realm of order, law, religion, a trusty charter to desert my State, and leave her cross to others.

Minot. To that great Commonwealth that is my mother and I call my own, I bear all love you breathe for yours; though, from the less warm temper of my sky, at times, perhaps, in terms, less ardently expressed. Yet, if that son ere from these northern loins spring, in Dixie could I wish—or almost wish—him born.

Major. Heaven send you both a safe deliverance! And that the urchin may surpass recorded goodness, I'll stand god-father to him. But we must now locate you. Good rooms were never here. The poorest now are scarce. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Harry Paddleford and Stanhope, meeting.

Harry. Well met, Mr. Stanhope! Disengaged? Lend me a moment.

Stanhope. Take freely, years. But I'm in poor condition. 'Tis all in this Sulphur Water! Paddleford! think of a low-country Planter being headached and upset by two glasses of champagne, last night! If I remain much longer within this brimstone influence, I'm a wrecked and ruined Vestryman.

Harry. I'll earn salvage. Give you absolution, besides. But listen, pray. Society is undone. Father loves Mrs. Stockton. I likewise. He, confidently. Therefore, in torment. Thinks her widow. I, without hope. So, free from pain. She loves not us. Lefroy addresses Miss Stockton. Simultaneously, Miss Joinville. They like him not. They exchange confidences. He learns it. Is ready for suicide. Makes me his savior. Miss Stockton fancies Harding. He returns all tenderness. Miss Joinville fancies me. I return none. You only stand unimplicated. Straighten the skein!

Stanhope. Look here, Paddleford! This is you, is it not? And this is I, Stanhope. It is morning. We are on the lawn. And we are conversing You are talking to me, and I am talking to you. Is it not thus?

Harry. Why, I never heard—What in the world?—In Heaven's name——

Stanhope. (*Aside.*) I wonder if my night's experience at Broadway, was genuine after all!—There's nothing peculiar in my conduct—is there? I appear to understand, don't I? You are speaking seriously, and I'm listening attentively?

Harry. No! No! Yes! Yes! You are yourself. Your faculties perfect. The interview actual. My speech truth. On my honor, all!

Stanhope. I scarce can credit what I hear I had been sworn before a Chief Justice, I was victim of some mental disorder. Was ever such a situation! 'Tis all from this Sulphur Water! All from the Water! I, the trusted of woman, almost made tender advances to a certain red headed, almond-eyed disfavored of last night, merely from inhaling the vile compound. We must flee, Paddleford! This malignant pool will transform us into beasts It's the devil's own caldron, also.

Harry. Dissolve, you think? Scatter the flock?—No bad conception. A jest forever. Helps father, too. Sound cymbals! March commence! I'm hitherward! (*Aside.*) If my interests counsel! Should Mrs. Stockton leave. I expect nothing here. She may thaw, elsewhere.

Stanhope. Move, Paddleford, from out this merry breeze. The crisis calls for treatment. We'll cure it thus: Win Mrs. Stockton to this move. Gain Harding, like of himself to follow eyes that kindly look on his. And all else falls in train. By bond of promise is Miss Joinville made the guest, companion of the Stocktons, the instant that they leave. Lefroy, I judge, is tractable as infancy in slumber. The Doctor, once he find there is no widow in his love, will find his love fresh widowed. He'll comfort seek in absence. Yourself and I fill up the caravan.—The journey hence is pious. Let us tent in the desert, rather than temple at this Spring. The air itself is venemous. (*Exit.*)

Harry. Then, to thy work! Yet I differentiate Lefroy. For his amours? No! Flirtations are wholesome, indispensable.—But for forsaking them.—Misbehavior before the enemy.—That's everywhere punishable. Let Lefroy avenge Lefroy. His apprehensions already increase. He'll see goblins, soon. (*Exit.*)

Enter Minot and Bertha, together.

Minot. I own how much I have deceived you, and shown myself unworthy.

Bertha. I cannot grant you were not deep in blame. Yet wert thou, when in fault, no better than a Jew.

Minot. When that I learned your Uncle was no longer here, the post-noon train could first convey me where I must preforce retire, ere that I knelt before you.

Bertha. And, in the interim, like Jesse's youngest son, you overthrew the chariot, and "houghed" the horses.

Minot. Here further my confession. Wandering at night, in mean disguise, rebellious to your Uncle's banishment—consulting on my bond of fate, and present means to end it——

Bertha. O! crime too horrible, when wrought in wild ne'er visited by reptile, beast or bird, much less, each day, by man. Could'st thou conceive it here, where, with thy breath, thou must thy mask resign, and leave my name mouthed with catastrophe?

Minot. A mind so rash, profane, as to indulge my thought, was buckled not to consequence.

Bertha. Though being Jew, you, from your annals, might, for deed like this, unholy instance draw, and feign it warrant, that you stand here is proof your resolution in the end was not unchristian. And so I'll say, conceits of evil coming to a Jew, were by a true believer baffled and expelled.

Minot. Would I might own thou wert as near to truth as full of gentleness! Hygeia from her seeming mimic state came down; struck into stone my vagrant steps; upbraided me with sinful parley of the soul against her law; and bade me from her magic chalice drink, and know rekindled hope.

Bertha. Compel me not to deem you still, no more responsible to action, than when, on that uncanny night, you dreamed of brownies, fairies, stock and stones.

Minot. No quarrel, pray. Think, if I err, thy charms, like those of Health, have wrapt me into ecstasy too fond. No sooner had the coursing draft these veins begun to full, than black despair took wing, and rosy hope found lodgment in my breast.

Bertha. The confidence you then imbibed, and still so well retain, may prove, I trust, communicable. But when Hygeia fair such wonders wrought, were you not then, also, but Jew?

Minot. Through my pretence she probed, ere that we spoke; no doubt, before we met. The morrow of her ministry shed its encouragement. Amid the wreck of matter from the storm, found I these trinkets and this prophecy. (*Handing golden hearts and inscription.*)

Bertha. (*After examining hearts.*) And you discovered them? (*Reading prophecy.*) May inspiration never speak with more divinity than in this couplet! Every congratulation I, in such prayer, sum up!

Minot. You can the prophecy fulfill, as well as the petition grant.

Bertha. (*Aside.*) My heart misgives me! Some subtle charm, indeed, dwells in these shining pennyworths! I pray you, now retake them.

Minot. And ere we bring their promise to the test? Here am I till morrow, at the most. I would you might so long retain them. But that they may not, meanwhile, mischief you, I'll be so bold as beg look in upon them. (*Exit, bowing.*)

Bertha. Ah! Bertha, have a care! Nay! no more care! I own enough! Alas! poor firmness! that's never been assailed. Uncle, I fear another rebel to thy will. (*Exit.*)

Enter Dr. Paddleford.

Dr. P. My trunk is packed. Yes! I'm off. I'll not remain a laughing-stock. They are already constrained to smother their grins, in my presence. O! They dare not giggle, openly! They know the Paddlefords. They've heard of Monmouth, New Orleans, Buena Vista and Gettysburg. They won't be caught! But they'll roar, behind my back! I'll avoid them. Settle my bill at the Office—Return to Carolina Row. Remain there till they call me for the train. I'll send for Harry and say good-bye. Yes! And I'll set him to frame my excuses for not doing the like to my acquaintances. If there is one being on all the earth, more ingenious than another, in concocting smoothe, plausible, but purely imaginary and deceitful narratives, it is my own unfilial and solitary offspring. (*Exit.*)

Enter Major.

Major. My rosy morn!—where is she? The hours are hers—they dwell pavilioned with the beautiful.

Enter Messenger.

Messenger. (*Producing Telegram.*) For Major Harding, Sir!

Major. Yes! Let the office know I have it. (*Exit Messenger. Reads.*) "*Reach my residence ten tomorrow morning. Petition in involuntary bankruptcy. Farnsworth.*" Was ever fate like mine! But scarcely here! Just melting in her peerless gaze, and in an instant snatched away! Yes, leaving that *J M L.* in unencountered rivalry! Bankruptcy! A plague upon the system! The personal favorite—the party hack—the undeserving and the ignorant—feed fat upon it. Revengeful envy stabs the credit of successful honesty, and the self-poised thief wipes off his unpaid score, to start, with unsurrendered swag, on new careers of recklessness and plunder Some villian, Farnsworth, thus hath gotten thee upon the hip! For I do know, within my soul, that never offering was by priest on

altar laid, with lesser blemish than thyself, in this fell business. Farnsworth ! Farnsworth ! You much demand of friendship ! But I promised you at College, ere yet the world's rude blows had rained upon our crest, to stand by you in life, and while my name's Frank Harding, come weal, come woe, I'll see you through ! Well, I shan't be embarrassed by luggage ! That train comes not immediately. I'll reap the interval. The perfume of her presence should lead me to her. (*Exit.*)

SCENE IV. *Mrs. Stockton's Cottage—In front of.*

Mrs. S. They are most trustworthy, Grace, especially. For no one has she thus far cared. Yet that she much dislikes that Harding, I am not oversure. I'll ascertain with certainty. If she do fancy him, with counsel soft I'll bathe such thoughts away. Yet is her nature such, that once she loved, or so imagined, Neptune would waste salt seas in vain.

Enter Stanhope.

Stanhope. Lady, good your health and morning !

Mrs. S. My friend, good morn ! Late hours sit lightly on you.

Stanhope. That might I something question, did fair speech permit The night itself is wholesome, but I find the air here suits me not. It tells upon my senses. And my emotions now are first-grown saucy. I take my leave, today. It is the vapor from this Sulphureous Spring —I never drink the water. Mark, how infection spreads. The flowers coquet. The grasses flirt. The trees make love. Zephyrs caress. The stars gaze tenderly at one another. A week will find no heart unmated here.

Mrs. S. Good Sir, bethink you ! Is it so bad as this ? Some things, at times, myself have noticed, yet held them not for thought.

Stanhope. Wrong, madam, may I seem, yet in pure truth and honesty, I speak my inward creed.

Mrs. S. Ha ! Ha ! I wear no penetrable stuff, and think my daughter locked in steel as trusty as my own.

Stanhope. I am too free.

Enter Harry Paddleford.

Mrs. S. Learn this dread news from Mr. Stanhope, pray. Cupids, he vows, sport round us in battalions—breed from this magic pool—provoke the apathetic air—himself they force to exile. Be witness how that fancy may confound the wise!

Harry. I'd fain obey. Yet know not how. He nothing errs. This water charms. Makes childish age. Inflames sweet youth. Ravels the social chord. Each drop hold Sirens. I journey with him..

Mrs. S. (*Aside.*) My month as guest expires today. Ha! Ha! Your pleasantry deserves more converse. (*Exeunt Stanhope and Harry, bowing.*) What freak is this? Stanhope is all respect, Harry all love. There's something here to fathom. Not gnomes nor magic, charms nor sprites, but human motives, work to fright us hence. Save as to what is soon bestowed, our trunks are sometime ready. For that, in nothing hearing of our claim, it might, I feared, my sudden presence and my tact require. But joy, thus far, to tell! the mail just in, assures me that the foughten field is won. And this might urge me stay. But, if I do, my husband, by the same post, writes, he comes, which to prevent, as needful to my prestige, and to elude my dear Commissioner, who, too, will hither hasten, as I fear, I'll ply the telegraph, and borrow wings, though waxen.

Enter Grace.

Dear wanderer, welcome! I had marked you lost. Sit with me, Grace, and render all you know.

Grace. Heigh! Ho! 'Tis nothing, dear mamma, save of my love for you.

Mrs. S. You are not weary of such gold and purple tints as pleasure, like rich evening, hangs o'er your sky, my dear?

Grace. Not tired—not sated. And yet, were you disposed—I'd not refuse—to leave. And in like mood stands Bertha, as I know.

Mrs. S. Ah! well! you have discussed it, then. Your reasons, daughter, did you mention them?

Grace. My thoughts, mamma, like to myself, are yours. (*Bashfully.*) With me—'tis—Major—Harding. Her, of men now here,

your Harry. Our hearts, we hope, are still our own. What seems like interest, we, ere it bud, at least, in flower burst, would fly.

Mrs. S. (*Embracing Grace.*) Dear Grace, thou frank and prudent strain of maidenhood—thou sweetest pattern of fond, filial duty, love, obedience, take thy fair guerdon—wish—and that this day! Stanhope and Harry both now journey hence, and to like voyage had urged me, ere you came, with many a hint against this love-sick air. Go speak to Bertha. The time is brief. We must prepare. To many say adieu.

Grace. (*Aside.*) Now doth departure, when in sight, seem yet more painful than continuance! Thanks, thanks, mamma, your Iris is away! (*Exit.*)

Mrs. S. Well! My suspects were true. My confidence in Grace, her undissembling heart has well repaid. Whate'er their game, Harry and Stanhope speak here by the card.

Re-enter Harry Paddleford.

Harry. Time presses! Our dialogue resume!

Mrs. S. I part! Yet hold! On one condition, nursling; yet much I grieve to name it. Bertha companions Grace. Keep you away. October's sun will find us in New York. There seek you it and me.

Harry. Dictator fair, I yield. The yoke is reared! *Vae victis!* Your Volscian passes under! (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Bradford and Stanhope.

Bradford. And not merely from yourself, but from Mrs. and Miss Stockton, I separate with much regret. They have awakened in me sensations to which I had long been stranger. The daughter, at times, resembles, I almost fancy, what was once my Agnes, at like age.

Stanhope. Both ladies, Sir, express to me, the cordial interest that they take in you But when that Early was no more, your daughter, Sir, was never she thereafter known, but as Madame Dulaney?

Bradford. She was; and thus the documents you had do testify.

Stanhope. Sir, with your leave, they witnessed nothing in that kind!

Bradford. (*Withdrawing from pocket, well filled large Envelope, from which he extracts a smaller one.*) The proofs lie in this Envelope, which, now I first perceive, dampness has sealed, and you, perhaps, not feeling free, did fail to open. (*Opening, and glancing at enclosure.*) When Early was, for some time, passed away, she chose the name of Madame Feversham, which, until 1840, she retained.

Stanhope. That same sealed envelope had near proved fatal to our hopes! For, what you from its contents now reveal—Sir, be composed, and seated, pray,—does well assure me, as I shall explain, your daughter's daughter you now find in Mrs. Stockton.

Bradford. (*Agitated.*) Bear, my kinsman, bear, greatest of benefactors, with age struggling between infirmity and joy. My daughter's child! Proceed!

Stanhope. Years since, sojourning in Gironde, I met its reverend Bishop, who, while priest in Paris, did confess my sister, after her union with the Catholic faith, while Madame Campan's pupil.

Bradford. The school was celebrated in the world polite!

Stanhope. From him I learned, that, through deceits by Madame Feversham, with well-feed emissaries, practiced on church and state, a child of four years old at Pauillac christened as Marie L'Erfant, was, by Annette, her nurse from birth, conveyed, in '38, by Madame's orders, to the ship Rapide, at Bordeaux lying, and on board unto two holy sisters trusted, to place within the Sacred Heart, a convent seminary of New Orleans, with lavish draft in favor of this child, unto the Planters' Bank.

Bradford. O tygress heart! that thus could banish lisping infancy! O soul corrupt and bosom foul, that did divorce thy child, that no impediment might stay thy haste to most repulsive ruin!—Yet, something more you learned. Did he no further tell, nor point the way——

Stanhope. This Bishop good, to me exhibited the register of baptism, a letter from the sisters two, to their Superior writ, wherein they did explain, at large, how that their mission carried, as directed, and, from Annette, an attestation sworn, which in full identified the child. And this Annette, when that I visited the Province, was therein resident, and with her, more than once, I freely did converse.

Bradford. Strange, marvellous, as this story, I do confide in it as true. Henceforth, I'll doubt of nothing, but believe the sea-

man's tale, the statesman's oath, the traveler's diary, the lawyer's plea, and things, if such can be, that skeptics deem still more incredible.

Stanhope. The rest, Sir, is a word. Happening in New Orleans, about the time the people's crown was placed on General Pierce, I visited the Convent and the Bank, to find that Marie, her diploma won, had, in the year thereafter, herself been won by Mr. Stockton, a wealthy Planter, on the River, and a worthy, with whom, but for our present converse, I had not dreamed to mix the name of near descent of yours, and distant kin of mine.

Bradford. Child of my blood, the smeared fortunes of thy mother, draw thee still closer to this breast! How eagerly I await thy recognition of the bond between us, so long unknown, so late, and yet so providentially, revealed.—You I must beg, dear friend,—I feel myself unequal—to tell her briefly so much of this story as needful may be deemed to verify conclusions.

Stanhope. That will I, and with delicacy, Sir. (*Exeunt severally.*)

End of Act IV.

ACT V.

Scene I. *Carolina Row.*

Enter Minot and Bertha.

Minot. I hope your golden hearts, from long seclusion, from unused commerce with refining touch, have not shone unmannerly.

Bertha. I am not conscious they've offended, yet, if they've brought a harm unknown, the ill being done, I'll deem it good, and so commend it.

Minot. But since these weird relics first you clasped, was there no thought, nor pulse, you sometimes feared, or half conceived, by them might be attuned?

Bertha. To keep in ward the treasure of another, must move remembrance, now or then, to both, and, poor physician that I am, my pulse, methinks, beat ever variably.—But, as good steward, thy riches I do now restore, in dread to intercept the issue they foretell.

Minot. The prophet speaks to one who finds, not him or her who keeps. And I, by finding, in that act the assurance found extended to the finder. This, once complete, in its own nature, stands irrevocable.

Bertha. (*Aside.*) My fate, I see, hangs much upon this contest.—Think me not in opinion bold, nor opposite to judgment, if weighing whether promise so benign, unaltered in his favor run, who willingly that promise gives away.

Minot. (*Aside.*) She'll keep them, and the augury make true!—These slender toys, I say again, fair Bertha, are not themselves the promise. If they be lost, or be destroyed, the assurance still remains. The thief who pilfers them, steals not the pact. They are but proofs and evidence of that intrinsic thing which lends them value.

Bertha. I am unskilled to reach the mind, by reasons plausible which men call argument. And, to conclude these pliant strokes and subtle tests, I do consent the mystic emblems keep, till that you order their return, as soon, I trust, you may.

Minot. Now are they concecrated in mine eyes as if thrice blessed by Bishop. And till occasion lend us further parle, I pray you sometimes meditate, all complement, fruition, of this prophecy, resides with thee.

Bertha. I would not willingly a trespass do, against the good presaged to friend or foe, and 'tis not as your foe, I say adieu. (*Exit.*)

Minot. Now, could I to Hygeia raise, such paean as the Greek did never to her father hymn. Now, do I seem my father to behold, with vision rapt, into the future peer. and pen the triumph round those shining symbols rolled, like Vulcan forging, with prophetic ken, the pageant of Rome's conquering arms, upon Æneas' buckler. (*Exit.*)

Enter Lefroy.

Lefroy. I'm awfully nervous, yes, shaken all to pieces. I slept not a wink the night.—I would not this morning encounter either of those girls, for the wealth of Monte Cristo.—Somebody's been telegraphing to that Major, too. I wonder what Paddleford proposes. If I had his sense, I'd make my mark. I'd be head of a newspaper, the Weather Bureau, or a Hospital. Yes! I could never have fallen into the present box. How cool and collected he

always is !—It's lucky for me they have no brothers.—I'll be guided entirely by his advice. Yet it's strange he don't come to relieve my anxieties.

Enter Harry Paddleford.

Ah ! Paddleford ! dear Paddleford ! comfort, console, advise me. Yes ! Yes ! what must I do, Paddleford ?

Harry. (*Aside.*) Can't treacherously injure him.—Only corroborate his imagination —Let's understand each other. I'm your representative. Given *carte blanche.* Receive and send communications. Conduct usual preliminaries. Conclude final arrangement.

Lefroy. By all means, Paddleford. Yes, assuredly !—I mean, I suppose so. That is—if it comes to this. But, Paddleford, you surely can't apprehend any such gloomy and depressing contingencies !

Harry. Never mind the future ! Keep cool at present ! Trust in me.

Lefroy. I do trust you, Paddleford ! I trust you with my heart, soul and body.—But how can a man in my situation keep cool ? His reputation—his honor—and, perhaps, even his life—at stake.

Harry. Easily ! You leave today. Next train. Tell Stanhope ! I accompany you. Ask no questions. Pack your trunk. It's necessary. (*Exit.*)

Lefroy. I'm bewildered out of my five senses ! *Representative !—Communications !—Preliminaries !—Arrangement !* Ships me off in disgrace ! No ! No ! He wouldn't intend that ! Yet he says it's necessary for me to leave.—And he is going with me. Perhaps, I'm in some great personal danger. I guess he's going along to protect me. Of course, he is He wouldn't let me ask him a single question.—I don't think I'll go—No ! I won't ! Not a step ! But if they are after me, they'll catch me here, of a certainty. I *may* slip through, on the train. I wonder who's taking up for them —Yes ! I think I'd better go. I'll put some fresh cartridges in my pistol, and I'll keep my eyes skinned. Yes ! Like a lynx ! (*Exit.*)

Enter Major and Grace, meeting.

Major. One glimpse of Heaven, again ! Yet won with waitings that were painful still, if unrewarded thus.

Grace. We must be serious, now. I leave today! Yes, ere we dine.

Major. Then, let me say, there is between us reached, that trustful stage, of old and mellowed phrase, *an understanding.*

Grace. (*Aside.*) Something, beyond, methinks!—Ha! Ha! On such presentment, I am witness-free! Call other proof!

Major. It pains me not you go. I bear a heart content, yet such as fondly loves you.

Grace. No! I had not supposed you cared.—I weighed your balmy speeches at their worth.

Major. You found them precious, then, my love.—They breathed but of yourself—But contest is untimely.

Grace. It was begun by you—What e'er you feel, you might reserve for other ears, your pleasure at our parting. I can but say, it falls, Sir, short of mine.

Major. Darling, unthink yourself and me. (*Showing Telegram.*) Read this! Should sorrow cloud that flight which lends me still companion to your wing? As from his rock-bound aerie, joyful soars the royal bird, so I from hence. Yea, journeying from this garden fair, bear with me Paradise, by taking all that makes it.

Grace. I do recall my censure. 'Twas bred in your false speech. —Now must I fly!

Major. (*Kissing her hand.*) Sweet, seraph, to thy wings. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Dr. Paddleford and Harry Paddleford.

Dr. P. Yes, Harry, we must say good bye! I have already tarried here o'erlong. The place mates not my age nor taste. Too much frivolity! Too much, Sir, entirely. I can stand it no longer. I'm off!—If you remain in the country, you'll some day dine with me?

Harry. (*Affecting surprise.*) Why—father!—I hav'nt seen you! I am but here!

Dr. P. I am resolved, Sir!—I continue at no such resort—It possesses no attraction for a gentleman of my settled, unambitious and retiring tendencies. None, whatever. I am off, Sir! Off!

Harry. Then go I, too. We part not now. No! No! Not yet.

Dr. P. Harry, look you, Harry! I don't understand this sudden, summer, gust of rising duty—this white, spontaneous, flame of

pure affection It is entirely too unnatural; and it comes upon me without warning. Now, hark'e, Sir, I'll put up with no deceit! I'm not in a humor for it; and I'll not stand it an instant. Not an instant, Sir!

Harry. (*Meekly.*) You wrong me. My aspirations are tender. Let me join you. Do not deny me! I entreat you, father.

Dr. P. You shall, you shall, my own dear boy! Harry, I don't feel very cheerful, this morning.—There's been an area of low barometer over my spirits, for now, sometime—I'm getting to be an old man, Harry—We can only be together a short while longer. Yes, my son, give me your company, when yet you may. But, whither shall we journey?

Harry. Anywhere!—Immaterial!—I have no preference.—So I'm with you!

Dr. P. What say you to a week at Old Point? It is rather reversing things, but the place is comfortable, I hear, the weather cool, the society agreeable. Yes, let us first go there.

Harry. Agreed! Done! I'll prepare.

Dr. P Yes, 'tis time. Pray, give directions for our mail. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Grace and Bertha.

Grace. Yes, most curious, that while we were longing to go, mamma was persuaded to take us.

Bertha. Yet those we thougt to fly, are going, too. 'Twere now too late, I fear, to alter resolution and remain. The Middletons would still take care of me.

Grace. Too late, my Bertha! Both for appearance and effect! But know, at best or most, we shall not be pursued.

Bertha. Then all things float upon a silver sea! Prepare we for the voyage. (*Exeunt*)

SCENE II. *Mrs. Stockton's Cottage, Porch of.*

Bradford, Mrs. Stockton and Grace.

Mrs. S All circumstances past of pain let us forget, father, to welcome present joy.

Bradford. (*Embracing Mrs. S.—Dr. P. passing, in distance, observing.*) All, all, evanished, my own dear, treasure-trove, Marie! (*To Grace.*) Draw nearer, love.—Those eyes! Ah! yes! the same! They were hers. (*Kissing Grace, Major, passing in distance, observing.*)

Grace. Something, in accents falling from afar, hath long, dear parent, softly breathed of precious bond between us. Now, let me ever feel and share a daughter's love.

Enter Stanhope.

Mrs. S. Ah! Mr. Stanhope!—Precious restorer! if not more honored founder! Through you—these filial hearts, in mingled tears and joys, upon a father's bosom palpitate! How can our knees in earth sink far enough, to do you reverence, or make known our gratitude?

Bradford. My kinsman, friend, and, if there be a name than friend more dear, that name, thou has recalled lost worlds to one another. And in that realm that's centered fixed above yon spheres that roll in music o'er us, may your reward stand registered!

Stanhope. Nothing do I claim. Much here seems marvel, something but accident; yet all belongs to Heaven, which never had such wondrous union wrought, except to bless it. And, with light heart, go I upon your way, in part.

Bradford. O! the whole! Let us persuade you. Desert us not, as strangered to our joy.

Stanhope. To gratify your goodness and my longings, is not now possible. But ere the sleigh bell wake with merry round the Harlem road, we'll meet again.

SCENE III. *Road, front of Hotel, opposite Tansus Row.*

Enter Major.

Major. Dear Grace, I never meant to play the spy! Confidence, once rent, may be patched. Not all the looms of Persia can reweave it. The man who sets a watch on wife or sweetheart—on marriage or affection—drops poison in his own misplaced cup, let fault be where it may. Nor could'st thou, love, imagine aught, ex-

empt from maiden warrant.—Yet, methinks, that ancient gentleman his sense of favor and of transport, did express something less fervently that I had. (*Exit.*)

Enter Dr. Paddleford.

Dr. P. Serves me right! Why did'nt I keep my resolution, and remain about my own cottage? Had a husband, eh? She was certainly indulging Bradford in some of the connubial perquisites! To no such delicacies was ever I invited. No! When the height of expectation had arrived, she read me the Prior—Marriage—Act, after having induced me, for weeks, to believe her a widow.

Enter Stanhope.

Stanhope. Sir, had you witnessed the true love meeting between Mrs. Stockton and Mr. Bradford!

Dr. P. At a distance, by accident, I did behold part of their disgraceful conduct. Had I been nearer, egad! Sir, they'd have got a hot slice of my notions of propriety. Such open and unblushing familiarities—such suggestive misbehavior——

Stanhope. His grand-daughter and his great-grand-daughter, after years of inquiry, sorrow and perplexity, restored to his arms, Sir, as if by miracle!

Dr. P. W-h-a-t! You need not repeat my observations, Mr. Stanhope. They were made under peculiar circumstances, Sir! and were addressed to your confidence, your strict confidence, Sir! (*Exit.*)

Stanhope. We are every mother's son gone mad, together! 'Tis all in this Sulphur Water!—All in the water! (*Exit.*)

SCENE IV. *Lawn in front of Tansus Row.*

Enter Mother Craddock.

Mother C. The 'ole Springs seems ha-goin' with 'em! Marry, come hup! Small joy there'd be ha-stayin', hafter the cream was went!

Enter Major and Grace.

La! bless your dear 'art, Miss, hand Miss Rose's son! Hi couldn't 'elp to say good-bye, Miss, so please never think hi meant no 'arm, Sir. Hand Mr. Thornton sends 'is, Miss. Honly 'e wont come, Sir. 'E's got 'is back hup——

Grace. (*Aside.*) How could we have offended him?

Mother C. Ha-fallin' from that 'ammock, Miss!

Grace. Harm? It is most kind and thoughtful, that thus you come to see us off, good mother. And for Mr. Thornton we are more than sorry. So tell him, with our farewell, pray.

Major. We feel great pleasure, mother, you so much think of those who justly think still more of you, and of friend Thornton, whom, good man, we miss, and hope you'll soon make well.

Mother C. La! Miss! hi was that skeered, comin'! Right hin the path w'at the haxmen 'ad chopped hout, was two funny kind her snakes, hasleep, coiled hup, Sir, with 'eads like gold, Miss, hand hies has red has hany poppy, Sir! Hi were hin mighty 'urry, hand the honly way were 'long that path. Hit would'nt do to jump hover 'em, Miss, 'cause they might wake hup w'en hi was hin the hair, Sir. Snakes wakes mighty suddent, they says, Miss.

Grace. And did you for us dare such peril, mother? You killed them, in the end, or to flight, at least, compelled them?

Mother C. Honly one stone were haround, Miss. But, la! Sir! hi never were no David, like you, Sir, hand my rock went hup the helm, Miss. Then, tries hi to wake them reptiles, with a bough, Sir, but they never moved 'and nor foot, Miss.—Marry, come hup, says hi, rememb'rin' to myself, snakes is frequent kilt by thunder.

Grace. And so, your lions being dead——

Mother C. Bless your dear 'art, Miss, snakes is 'eap more cunnin' than lions! So hi creeps hup hover 'em, hand hin ha minute, says hi, ha-laughin' to myself, hif they hever was snakes, they his garter-snakes, w'ats 'armless.

Major. You reasoned from their stripes, perhaps.

Mother C. Hi were hentirely hout hof my reason, Sir, w'en hi picks hup these hiligant harticles, (*Producing Garters,*) hand, fear hof hother snakes, live hor dead, Miss, 'ere hi scampers, hin ha 'and-gallop!

Grace. Well, such experience deserves much gay debate. Ha! Ha! Ha! And you, too, found, good mother, the tree of knowledge is not always that of life.

Mother C. The honly tree hi noticed there, Miss, were that helm.—But them garters, la! Sir! they wouldn't meet roun' my wrist. Nobody but some fine lady, Miss, could 'alf wear 'em, comfort-like. Hand bless your deary hies, Miss, hi thinks they be your wery hexact fit. La! Miss! I knows so. Don't you, Sir?

Major. Well now—really—in fact—'pon my word—good mother. What use will you make of such valuable commodities?

Mother C. W'y, Sir, findin's haint keepin's! Hif hi don't 'ear hof the lady, take 'em to the Hoffice, hof course, Miss. The clerk puts hup ha notice, the howner proves 'em 'ers—'e wouldn't make 'er try 'em hon, hi 'ardly thinks, Sir—hand gits back 'er property, Miss.

Enter Bradford and Mrs. Stockton.

Bradford. Here, for the moment, shall I leave you, dear. A few words must I send to Boston.

Grace. But ere that moment, father, lend thy daughter one. My good and faithful friend, mamma, (*Indicating Mother C.*,) amid the storm, is here to speak her kind good-bye.

Mrs. S. Already borne in mother's heart, receive a mother's blessing.

Grace. My worthy friend, our father shares in you our interest, and, ere he leave, must know you.

Bradford. Deeply and tenderly I partake of it, good mother. May we meet again, and till and after, then, may happiness attend you (*Exeunt Bradford, Grace and Major.*)

Mother C. (*Courtesying, affected*) My hies, some'ow, hat times, gits blinded, Mum! Hit's 'ard, Mum, to give hup your beauty daughter, Mum, hand Miss Rose's son, w'at's so soon ha-marryin' 'er, but hit's ha bit 'arder, Mum, to throw you hand your 'usband hinto the bargain, now has hi knows you both so well, Mum.

Mrs. S. Take heart, good mother. The best of friends must separate. Each season lends, in this regard, its sadness.

Mother C. But 'ere his so many sorries, come hupon one, hunhexpected, from the same family, Mum! The four hof you together, Mum, his has haffictin' to me, Mum, has you must halways be to

heach hother.—Hi 'opes there be no grand-father, hor grand-mother, to swell hour mutual mis'ries!—The grand-child will want ha good year, you knows, Mum!

Mrs. S. No, good woman, our host hath all appeared, at this sad muster of farewells. And may we never know a heart less true than yours, nor you need one as much so.

Enter Harry Paddleford.

Good morning, once again, and so, the better morning, Mr. Paddleford. With this good creature did our wanderers haven find, upon that fearful night.

Harry. Welcome, kind hostess! I salute you. May you live forever!

Mother C. (*Courtesying.*) Hi thanks you 'artily, Sir!—But hi'm honly ha werry poor sinner, Sir, w'at's 'ad no rights to the mercy days hi's spent.

Harry. (*Observing Garters.*) Humph!—Humph!—They seem familiar.

Mother C. Sure hand certain, Sir! 'As you hever seen 'em *hon* the young lady, Sir?

Harry. By no means! You mistake me, mother.—Can't identify them, absolutely.—It's mere impression.

Mrs. S. (*Aside.*) I had not marked, without him, their fall or their redemption. Some plan he has towards them. I will not disconcert it. (*To Harry.*) But now to Father. (*Exit.*)

Enter Minot.

Harry. My cousin Minot, mother! Army, don't be confused! Behold these *honi-soits.*

Minot. I am glad to know you. But beware, beware this kin of mine! Trust rather to your serpents of old Nile.

Mother C. (*Courtesying*) La! hand hit's you, Sir, got them golden 'arts! Marry, come hup, they was your father's hown! These, w'at hi finds, Sir, near the Leap, hi halways calls 'em garters, though, has the gentleman says, they may be 'oney-sweets, Sir.

Minot. (*Examining*) Of quality and pattern quite their own! And such a pair, the Jew, on yesterday, to me declared, he sold unto the Doctor.

L. of C.

Harry. Who, subsequently, lost them —Of this, there's proof.

Minot. It were well, good mother, that of the Doctor you some question make.

Harry. (*Aside.*) Recall Vesuvius to eruption!

Mother C. Hi takes my duty from my betters, Sir! But, la! Sir, hif you hasks this Doctor 'ere, 'ow far hof be the Comet, 'e makes hout ha forty dollar bill, hand w'en you his ha-leaven, Sir, with friends hall round, 'e slaps that bill hupon you, Sir, 'opin you'd rather pay, than make ha scene, hor miss the train, Sir.—'E's bin waylayin' more'n usual, Sir, this season, people bein' more 'ealthy, hand more talkative, Sir.

Minot. Of some supposed pirate in these waters, oft have I heard. But the Doctor we mention, is one of the guests, good woman, and not a rover of the Spanish Main. If I find Dr. Paddleford, (*Aside,*) —as so to do I will avoid—I'll present you. Else, introduce yourself —You're sure of a warm reception—Anybody will point him out.

Harry. He's easily distinguished. Short, stout, ruddy, beardless Carries small green bag. He'll recognize the articles.

Mother C. La! Sir, hi 'opes we finds 'im!—Hand hour pockets his safe, hany 'ow, Sir! (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE V. *Dépôt, Platform at.*

Enter Lefroy, as traveler.

Lefroy. If I only knew where I was going! I wish Paddleford would made his appearance. This state of perplexity and suspense——

Enter Dr. Paddleford, bearing small green bag.

(*Aside.*) Good Heavens! They've got a surgeon! Yes! and that bag contains his instruments! I hear them jingling, now. I understand—yes, I see—why I am thus hurried away. Oh! My!—They've thrust me into a duel. Yes, as sure as I'm born.—Now, I won't fight—I don't know how—The affair is so sudden I can't learn —I've reconsidered my views about being challenged by one of their friends—Yes, just after I expressed them. Renounced them, entirely.

Dr. P. (*Observing Lefroy, and advancing.*) Ah ! Sir ! Ready for the road ! Punctuality, on such occasions, is much required.

Lefroy. (*Aside.*) Of course ! I knew it ! I said so as soon as I saw him !

Dr. P. I attend you most willingly, Sir.—Glad to have the honor. I trust it is as satisfactory to you, Sir.

Lefroy. Yes ! Yes !—That is—I suppose so.—I was awaiting your son.

Dr. P. I, also. He requires my presence. Entreats me not to refuse.

Lefroy. (*Aside.*) Yes ! Certainly !—In case I'm shot ! Doctor, have—you—any—objection—to—revealing—our—destination ?

Dr. P. We go, Sir, to Virginia's lovely shore. A spot, they say, that offers much retirement,—rare seclusion.

Lefroy. (*Aside.*) I'll de d——d if I fight !—It's unchristian ! It's against the law ! And, I'd be killed at the first fire !

At distance, Enter Major and Grace, as travelers.

And here I am, face to face, with one of the primal causes, yes, original fountains, of my misfortunes. I'll turn my back. (*Turning*)

At distance, Enter Minot and Bertha, as travelers.

And here, in double vengeance, comes the other ! I'll reverse. (*Turning.*)

At distance, Enter Bradford and Stanhope, Harry Paddleford and Mrs. Stockton.

Dr. P. (*Aside.*) Mrs. Stockton !—The being of all others I would avoid. And ready for the train ! My own offspring, that pestilential Harry,—two fathers snubbed—her escort ! I thought the tenderness and duty of that obsequious villain, were only shams. But I'll not go with them. Not a mile. The same engine shall not transport us. I'll return to the Hotel. Yes! Immediately! (*Going.*)

Enter Mother C.

Mother C. (*Espying, and, with courtesy, advancing towards Dr. Paddleford.*) 'Ere be them magnificent, bran'-new, nobility, gar-

ters, Sir,—your hown 'oney-sweets—w'at's git found hat the Leap, Sir, w'ere hi thought they was snakes, Sir. 'Ere they be, Sir, has sound hand has ha new sov'rin, Sir. Good luck you 'as 'em, Sir, halter such horful times, Sir! (*Offers articles.*)

Dr. P. (*Aside, looking around.*) And now, these Banquos!—"Which of you have done this?" (*To Mother C.*) Not quite so vehement, good woman. The—the guests are parting, now, you know. Anything to interrupt the solemnity—distract their communion——

Harry. (*Advancing, to Dr. P.*) Don't contend with her. She means no ill. Little unbalanced, perhaps. Pacificate her. Accept the gew-gaws – Once more!—We seek Old Point. Mrs Stockton, Newport. You may never meet. In friendship, part.

Mrs. S. (*Advancing.*) Yes, knight of choicest order, the amateur theatricals—the *tableaux vivants*—must proceed without us.—I am your friend; dear Doctor. be thou mine. My lack of widowhood, ne'er cost me lovers. They are the worst that know my husband best.

Dr. P (*Aside.*) Then there's nothing ridiculous in my deportment, after all! Harry at once snuffed out suspicion about those awkward garters. I felt from the beginning that my conduct was not only entirely natural, but eminently dignified and becoming. (*To Mrs. S.*) Madam! your subject, friend, admirer, ever! My fond adventures hang fresh garlands on your worth. I'll lengthen life to laugh them o'er.

Stanhope. (*Advancing.*) Do not omit, Sir—'Twas all in that Sulphur Water!—All in the Water!

Dr. P. (*To Mother C.*) And from your honest hand, I do receive, good mother, these proffered souvenirs of pleasing hours about to close, and rest your thankful debtor.

Mother C. Hand welcome to w'ats yourn, Sir! But, la! Sir! hi thought, Sir! bein' married, you couldn't suffer nothin' more, Sir; but has you his not, Sir, sorry ham hi to see you dishappointed hin ha lady, Sir, w'at's hun'appily perwided halready, Sir; hand the more the sorrier, Sir, to think hi 'ave no chance to fill 'er place——

Dr. P. (*Depricatingly.*) Let us abandon vain regrets, good woman, and their causes! Yes! And their causes.

Mother C. Before next season, Sir, the heligibles bein' now so few.

Major. (*Advancing with Grace.*) There stands Lefroy, as if for execution. Why, I am still to learn.

Dr. P. (*To Lefroy.*) Indulge more pleasing prospects! Here! Sir! (*Indicating Mother C.*) is fair hand still unclaimed.

Mother C. (*Courtesying.*) Hi 'opes hi urts no feelin's, by refusin,' Sir. But hi can't 'ave no snow, Sir, hin my second 'arvest.

Dr. P. Oh! good woman, he won't blight your oats, as, with the peddler, he mildewed his own.

Lefroy. (*Aside.*) Then, that's out, too!

Major. (*To Grace.*) He was my rival, may o'ertop me yet. Of this, too much. Reverse his sentence, or his pardon read. If not, at least some blessing shed, by gracious word, in notice of his fate.

Harry. He's humble. More. With wounds unstaunched. Speak his forgiveness.

Grace. Bertha! we'll think some faults are lessened here, when arrows aimed from far, steal, unawares, upon a watchful mark!

Bertha. (*Advancing with Minot.*) Yes! Grace, and while we speak our pardon, have forgot what 'tis that we forgive.

Bradford. (*Advancing.*) How sweet, when o'er the erring, charity her mantle spreads, scattering her rosemaries to inter with folly, all remembrance of it.

Harry. Lefroy, the day is won. Fair amnesty is your. Receive it gratefully!

Stanhope. Yes! 'Twas all in that Sulphur Water! All in the Water!

Lefroy. (*Facing, Aside.*) Gratefully?—I can't speak at all! I'm dumb with gratitude. Yes! Inarticulate with thanks.—In the first place, I'm not in any danger. I won't have to fight. I never shall take human life, if I can avoid it—with honor. Otherwise, at ten paces, I'll face creation. And the whole affair is forgotten! (*Advancing.*) I own how justly in this fence, I'm mastered with my weapons. Sweet heroines, through life I'll bless with prayer, resentment checked by victory, to falter into goodness.

Minot. And chastise not that Jew! For all the money that you spent with him, stands credit in the bill by you this morning paid.

Stanhope. Now all are friends! And, ere we take the train—a pleasant journey on our several paths! This spot we'll shun forever. So glad, so fair, so sweet,—was ne'er so mortal! 'Tis all in that Sulphur Water! All in the Water! (*Exeunt.*)

FINIS.

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